

**METELLUS**  
HIS  
**DIALOGUES.**  
The First PART,  
Containing a  
RELATION  
OF A  
JOURNEY  
TO

*Tunbridge-Wells;*

Also a *Description* of the **WELLS**  
and **PLACE.**

With the Fourth BOOK of *Virgil's*  
*ÆNEIDS* in *Engliſh*

---

Written under that Name, by a Gentleman of  
this Nation, ſometime Gentleman-Commoner  
of *Chriſt-Church* in *OXFORD.*

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*LONDON,* Printed by *Tho. Warren,* for  
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WEDNESDAY

THE

DIAL

OF THE

CONSTITUTION

OF THE

UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

AND

OF THE

WORLD

OF THE

PRESENT

AND

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

---

TO THE  
Right Honourable  
**WILLIAM**  
LORD *BIRON*,  
BARON of *RATCHDELL*,

My Lord,

**T**His Orphan Book, that  
can by no modish A-  
mours recommend it  
self to the pleasant Men of the  
Time, nor by Satyrizing *Church*  
or *State*, can hope to have a Par-  
ty on its side; must needs be  
assured of many Adversaries,  
and can be in hope but of very  
few Friends. It flies, My Lord,  
therefore first (to almost all

## The Epistle

that is left of 'em) the Shadow and Name of the Ancient Heroes; begs an Adoption to the vertuous Name, and asks leave to make use of the Voice of *Metellus*: not daring, under a less Capacity, to speak to the Vices of our Age. It hears, my Lord, from the Ghost of Eloquent *Curio*, which here it has rais'd,

*Luc. Pharf.*  
*lib. 1.*

*Livor edax tibi cuncta negat,*

which though he spake only to *Cæsar* in his life-time, his Ghost may yet, with truth enough, remember less Men of it now: At a time when Party, when Picque, when Passion, when Interest, when but fancied Opinion, may every thing, to any Man, deny.

Therefore this Orphan, to decline the stroak of so wild a Passion,



## Dedicatory.

Passion, as Envy has always appeared to the literate World, falls to the ground, as expert Hunters often do, before the savage wild Boar: and far, from the Ambition of contesting with such an Adversary as the best scarce withstand, vanisheth from the sight of the World: Leaves the Ghost of great *Metellus*, the Light of Reason, and the Voice of impregnable Truth, in the mouths of sharp *Acer*, and eloquent *Curio*, to dispute Libertinage with the Age: especially in the Second, and Third Part, where, grown to more Virility, it attacks the pregnant Vices of the Time, and adventures to combat with the Darling of our Days. Hoping from such mouths as those, to speak inoffensively Truth; if not to the Persons (which this

When it  
turns upon  
em.

## *The Epistle*

Book altogether declines ) at least, to the Vices of the Times.

By this happy necessity, this Little Book, dignified, my Lord, and adopted to the vertuous Name of *Metellus*, now truly ennobled, addresses to your Lordship (not as such Orphans and Destitutes commonly do) presuming upon the Nearness of Blood its Authour has to your Lordship, and that Noble Family of your Name; but by a higher impulse of Nature, yet (as Iron to the Load-stone goes) by a natural Sympathy the brave *BIRONS* of *England* have, with the vertuous and glorious *Metelli* of *Rome*, this Little Book, by *Metellus* adopted, to your Lordship now naturally comes; and hopes, that for the *Palladium's* sake, by its brave adopting Ancestour rescued

## Dedicatory.

scued from the burning Tem<sup>ple</sup> of *Reli-*  
ple, it may find Favour and  
Countenance, from a Family,  
who have been as great Lo-  
vers of *Minerva*, as Servants of  
*Mars*; and who are (beyond  
all Alliance of Blood) to the  
glorious *Metellus*, in Bravery,  
of Kin.

*Metellus* rescu'd from flames  
the *Palladium* at Rome. The  
*BIRONS*, had not Fate it self  
been a Foe, and had not our  
Sins been our Enemies too,  
had rescued from the worst of  
Confusions more than the *Pal-*  
*ladium* here. Not only our U-  
niversities from Ignorance, the  
only Enemy Science has in the  
World; our Churches from  
Profanation and Sacrilege;  
our Monarch, and Monarchy  
it self, from Assassination; our  
Countrey from Slavery worse  
than

*Non habet  
scientia i-  
nemicum  
præter igno-  
rantiam.*

## The Epistle

than those flames : if all had been as brave as faithful, and of as good Lives as they. Men, if not the most admired, certainly the most deserving Admiration of any of their time. Seven brave Brothers, six of them Knighted for their Bravery and Birth. The Eldest deservedly honoured with a Barony, which he bought with his Blood. All in eminent Command, all eminently suffering, all eminently acting for their Country and King ; might justly be thought, (as one well observ'd of 'em) the bravest seven Brothers that have appeared in the World since the *Maccabees* days. A Family deserving Eternal Memory, if it were but for the brave Actions of the Eldest, slain in the War. Sir *William*, and the other Two Field-Officers, one of 'em slain at *Turk* in Defence of the Town.

My Lord  
*John Biron*,  
the Eldest  
Brother,  
General.

Sir *Richard*,  
Governour of  
*Newark*,  
which he  
bravely  
defended.

Sir *Robert*,  
sometime  
General of  
the Ord-  
nance in  
*Ireland*.

Sir *Thomas*,  
Colonel of the  
then Prince  
of *Wales*  
his own  
Regiment

of Horse, slain in the War. Sir *William*, and the other Two Field-Officers, one of 'em slain at *Turk* in Defence of the Town.

the

## Dedicatory.

the then victorious Head of that Family, that had so much Heart, my Lord JOHN BIRON; who, to say nothing of those so many personal Braveries of his, as that at Brill, and elsewhere: At Round-way-down, with Fifteen hundred Horse and Dragoons, he not only defeated, but absolutely routed a considerable Army of Horse and Foot, under no unskillful General; where he took Two and forty Colours, all their Cannon, all their Baggage, and almost as many Prisoners as he had Men: more might be remembred, but

In Oxford-shire.  
In Wilt-shire.

*Satis est hanc mihi nosse manum.*

Mart. Epig.  
de Scav.

Yet to these brave seven Brothers, we must add the brave Uncle, Sir NICHOLAS BIRON, Governour of West-Chester,

## *The Epistle*

*Here*, one of the Generals of the Royal Army, and one of our then greatest Masters of the Military Art, your Lordship's great Uncle; the Eighth good, the Eighth brave Man, of the same Family, and the same Name, at the same time surviving, and with hazard of all they had, fighting for their Country, and defending their King.

Pardon therefore, My Lord, if this little Orphan, adopted by the great *Metellus*, from its Cradle as it were, presume to Address it self to your Lordship, the immediate Heir, and Successour, of so great a Name as *BIRON* is here; since in you, as in your Noble Ancestours, Bravery still, and Ingenuity join; Qualities that sympathize so much with the Name of *Metell*. In

## *Dedicatory.*

In this First Part, My Lord,  
as in its younger Years, it pre-  
tends but to divertise your  
Lordship with a pleasant Pre-  
lude to a more serious Dis-  
course; but in the Second and  
Third Part, grown to more Vi-  
rility, it will entertain your  
Nobler, and more Heroick  
Thoughts. Its Authour being  
Ambitious but to be Esteem-  
ed,

Your Lordship's

Most faithful humble Servant,

And affectionate Kinsman,

*J. L.*

in this I have my Lord  
as in the former Years it pro-  
ceeds but to diversify your  
furthering in a pleasant Pro-  
ceed to a more happy Dis-  
covery of the 2d and 3d  
which I have shown to more Vi-  
tality in your former Jour-  
ney, and more Heroic  
Thoughts, the further being  
Anomalous to be taken

Your humble servant

Wm. Brouncker

Wm. Brouncker

Wm. Brouncker



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A  
CHARACTER  
OF THE  
PERSONS

Who speak in these  
DIALOGUES.

METELLUS,  
A Lover of VERTUE, and eminently  
Learned.

ACER,  
A Divine, of a sharp Wit, and eloquent.

CURIO,  
A Civilian, and an eloquent Man.

ÆSCULAPE,  
A Learned Physician, and good Companion; but  
inclined to Epicurus his Opinions.

LÆLI.

**LÆLIUS,**  
*A witty young Gentleman, but a Deist.*

Or take their Characters thus:

*Deserving of that Name, the great Metell  
In Virtue and in Learning does excell.  
Eloquent Curio pleads, and does commend.  
Sharp Acer does both teach and reprehend.  
Learn'd Æsculape by Reason's Light can see  
In Nature far; scarce to Divinity.  
Lælius declares th' Opinions of the Times;  
Too honest to be guilty of the Crimes.*

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THE

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THE  
First Dialogue.

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A  
JOURNEY  
TO  
*Tunbridge-Wells.*

*Metellus.* **T**HE Sun was now come to his Journey's end

For that half year , beginning to descend,  
When me and *Lælius*, who had both been ill,  
And long had lingred under th' Artift skill :  
A learn'd Phyfician, knowing none cou'd mend  
Like thofe that made ; did prudently pretend  
To cure by Nature ; or as Nature cou'd,  
Did we apply t' her ; fo this Doctor wou'd

B

Sometimes

Sometimes by wise Digression from the Arts,  
 Cure Men by sending 'em to wholesome parts  
 Of the Great World, with which the Less must be,  
 If they'll be well, still in good harmony.  
 God-like he first ordained us the scent  
 Of Fragrant *Earth*; and then as if he'd meant  
 To give us at each Dose an Element,  
 The *Air* this *Æsculape* to quicken gave,  
 Waters to cleanse us; if those con'd not save,  
 Then Nature-like too he ordain'd the Grave.  
 Destructive Fire this *Æsculape* did use,  
 But not in Element, and crude, t' abuse  
 Too tender Man: but dulcify'd by Vine,  
 Great Nature's Limbeck, and destill'd to Wine;  
 " *Good Wine the greatest chearer of the heart,*  
 " *The Natural Restorative of Art.*  
 Wine from the Teats of Nature, and not Brew'd,  
 He allow'd himself and us for Lassitude.  
 And this was his fourth Dose, which Nature meant,  
 As he taught well, for a fifth Element:  
 Wine first by Nature thus, for Stomach's sake,  
 Then giv'n by *Paul*, we like *Ambrosia* take,  
 With Terrene God, our *Æsculape*, to whom  
 We offer 'of healthy Cups a *Hecatomb*.

That

That doleful night, before we went away ;  
 In that took leave, so dy'd till the third day ;  
 Not like old *Trojans*, buried lay in Wine,  
 But like true *Trojans* till we meet repine.  
 Not buried at all ; for not at rest ;  
 Nor did we pass that time among the blest ;  
 But like Men damn'd from Paradise, in pain  
 And labour live, till we our bliss regain :  
 Till all at *Tunbridge-Wells* again alive  
 Meet, and each other kindly do revive,  
 With Water, and good Air, and blood of Grape,  
 Good Company and divine *Æsculape*.  
 We were five Scholars ; four went two and two,  
*Curio* and I, who had no more to do  
 But to take Air, and then to take our ease ;  
 And nought else being prescrib'd for our Disease,  
 Together rid ; that hard by the mid-way,  
 We might with Liquor quench the scorching day.  
 Early before the Exc'llent Doctor went  
 On Horseback, with accomplit Patient,  
 Honestest *Lælius*, who of Wit had store,  
 But of wise Patience had a great deal more.  
 And doubtless 'twas the fortunatest hit,  
 " That one had Patience, when they both had Wit.

He talking, taught ; t' other well pleas'd to learn ;  
 They each, each others Excellence discern.  
 As Nature's Active, and her Passive do,  
 So do these well pair'd Naturalists too  
 Agree, concurr in all things, jump and hit ;  
 Happy 'n so great a Sympathy of Wit.

*Acer*, to whom *Minerva* still was kind,  
 Yet Fortune frown'd on ; he was left behind,  
 Whether unwilling to ride that long way,  
 As his good Friends did, through in one hot day,  
 Or froward Fortune (long by him despis'd)  
 Goddess, to whom he never sacrific'd,  
 Had damn'd him for a day into the Jaws  
 Of modern Furies, and the modish Claws  
 Of Harpies of this Age, we do not know ;  
 But he in Stage-Coach is condemn'd to go  
 Without his Friends ———

*Curio* and I were something better blest ;  
 Riding before, escap'd that Harpy's Nest.  
 All different ways with different Fate we went,  
 In hopes of different Divertisement :  
 Yet at the *Wells* with *Acer* we arriv'd,  
 There, *Æsculape*, who had been well reviv'd,

Not with cold Waters, but with more divine,  
 More animating Liquor, *Gascoigne* Wine,  
 Hard by the *Wells* stood, with his Learned Mate,  
 Like old *Anchise*, contemplating our Fate,  
 Father of Wits. ———

When we on Horseback, *Acer*, in a Coach  
 With some odd kind of Damsells, did approach,  
 They stop, step out; When "Oh! What hast  
 "thou done,

"Base Fortune, with *Minerva's* Minion?  
*Lælius* cry'd out. "None of *Apollo's* Race,  
 "None of the Nine these are! What God cou'd  
 "place

"Thus Ingenuity? Must Fate be Foe,  
 "Spightful to all that *Pallas* favours so?

Then *Æsculape* drew near; And art thou come  
 At last, dear Friend, to our *Elysium*?

How 'fraid were we? kindly then we embrace,  
 Welcome each other to the pleasant place.

Our next Care was to seek a House, where we,  
 For one Month's time, might all of us be free  
 From that worst Plague of Wit, *Ill-Company*.

We wander on; some pretty Houses see,  
 Which in that place (though wild enough) there be.

The Doctor pleas'd himself : his airy Friend,  
 Who more did to good Company pretend,  
 Than Bookish solitude, an airy place  
 Soon found, which airy Company did grace.

*Acer* and *Curio* sought no happiness  
 But Solitude, the likeliest place to bless,  
 We thought, the Defart of that Wilderness.  
 We wander all a pretty while before  
 We see a Cottage : Cottage, and no more  
 At last we find ; A sweet and pleasant place,  
 A situation that had Nature's Face ;  
 That lookt like the first Times, that seem'd to be  
 Some Patrimony of poor Honesty ;  
 The greenest Plat that was in all that wild  
 And spacious Heath, and the most undefil'd :  
 Nor Lust nor Envy cou'd have Object there,  
 Pride was a bulk too big for it to bear.  
 Seat for Christianity : were Christ but near,  
*Peter* might wish a Tabernacle here.  
 This is the Defart then, said *Acer*, we  
 In such a Cottage, *Curio*, may be free.  
 The wish'd for Tabernacle, which we crave,  
*Elias* solitude, we here may have.



And to assure that Pleasure too, we see,  
Said *Curio*, here *St. Peter's Poverty*.

Green close behind it, and sweet Springs were nigh,  
On th' one side Wood, and the green Corn hard by :

The Front lay open to the ample Heath :

Which from all Quarters sent a purer Breath

Than Towns enjoy.

Beset with Fern and Shrubs : Shrubs were as high

As th' humble Cottage : Taller Trees were nigh ;

A House secur'd by being poor and low ;

*" O happy those who live secured so,*

*" Where no fierce Winds of Pride and Envy blow !*

Before the Door stood an old Ash that made

By Nature, pleasant and convenient Shade.

Of which the Owner had contriv'd a Bower,

Enough to save poor Man from Sun or Shower ;

But place, which Nature surely had design'd

For higher things , for shelter to the Mind.

For we, soon as we saw it, thought it fit

In such a Solitude to shelter Wit.

Here an old Dame came cleanly to the Door

'Soon as we knock'd, came cleanly, and no more,

But holding the small Door half-open, said,

*" 'Las ! 'Sirs, 'tis late, and we're all going to bed.*

" We see no Gallants here, nor entertain  
 " Such Men as you ; we scarce think't worth our  
 " pain ;  
 " Nor have I Linen clean, nor can I give  
 " You dainty Meats ; on hardest Fare we live.  
 And then she told us what ill luck she'd had,  
 Not long ago, with Strangers as well clad :  
 Nor truly cou'd she, and so near to Night,  
 Receive Men so unknown, at the first sight.

But no such Men, reply'd our Learned Friend,  
 These honest Gallants are ; the only End  
 That brings them hither, is but to retreat,  
 They for their quiet seek this Rural Seat.  
 But if with you these Verbal Motives fail,  
 This at least will (and shew'd some Gold) prevail.  
 " *O what won't Woman for thee, Gold, forsake ?*  
 " *For thee, Gold, what won't Woman undertake ?*

The good Dame had not for some time before  
 Seen such a sight, scarce hop'd to see it more :  
 Fixing her Eyes upon the Golden Gift,  
 " Well, said she then, come in, we'll make a shift.  
 Nor quiet then she fought, nor trouble fear'd,  
 When the old Gold of *Esculape* appear'd.

We enter, and the old *Sylvestrian* Dame  
 O'er lofty Thresholds follow, till we came  
 To that part of the Hovel, they call Hall,  
 Where she with Rural Majesty did call  
 Her Daughter first; and then her brawny Son,  
 And then the Maid: and when all that was done,  
 Oft going to and fro, at last she brought  
 A piece of Pye, of Hare, her Son had caught,  
 With fatter Mutton bak'd, which she had bought.  
 She pray'd us to sit down, nor did we spare,  
 But all each other invite to the cold Fare.  
 We sup, whilst the whole Family attends:  
 They wait like Servants, and they look like Friends.  
 Th'old Woman, and her Son, her Maid, his Wife,  
 The honest Consorts of that homely Life.  
 At last, to make amends for the cold Cheer,  
 Th'old Woman bids bring forth last *Easter's* Beer.  
 The Maid and Daughter draw: the Maple Cup  
 They briskly fill: we briskly drink it up.  
 All welcome us to all, as they may say,  
 Free of their Ale, as willingly we stay.  
 When we had supp'd, we all began to cast  
 Our Eyes on *Acer*; wou'd he not at last  
 Relate his Journey? tell us what had past?

Nothing

Nothing cou'd be to us, and over Ale,  
In such a House, more seasonable Tale.

*Acer.* But he reply'd, " O Friends forbear to ask  
" So hard a thing ; It is no pleasant task  
" For a tir'd Poet, twelve long hours immur'd,  
" In such a Coach, to tell you what h'endur'd.  
" Some things indeed hertafter, but scarce these  
" Can be so well remembred, as to please.

*Lel.* Then, *Lelius* spoke. " The Oxe when tir'd  
strikes strong,  
" Makes surer steps : 'Tis now 'bove all we long,  
If any ill accident have tir'd thy Wit,  
To hear thy Satyr, here avenging it  
With flaming Fancy, and a well-whet Pen ;  
That Fire and Sword of all Ingenious Men.

*Acer.* " And can my Friends thus importune ?  
" must I  
" To please, reiterate a Misery ?  
Said *Acer*, " *Letbe*, rather let me sup  
" Of thy forgetful Streams ; fill up my cup,

" Since

" Since to the Pains Fate sent me, sure as well

" I may pretend to th' \* Courtesie of Hell.

" And as great Reason to be wash'd have I

" As any of *Anchise's* Progeny.

" When I to this *Ethereal* Life return,

" From that Death of bad Company ; that Urn

" Of fœtid Coach ; ere I from Crew so curst

" Transmigrate well, I must drink *Lethe* first.

" Nor Wind, nor Water, nor the soaking Rain,

" Nor *Tunbridge-Wells* can cleanse from such a stain ;

" Of such a Company, of such a Coach,

" Nothing but *Lethe* washes the Reproach.

*Æsculape* smiling then. " In Verse relate,

" *Acer*, said he, Satyr will expiate.

" Slay me those Vultures, which but now we saw ;

" Some Portraict of those Dames thou'ft brought us,

" draw.

" Let 'em to *Phœbus* fall ; ere they devour

" Our Livers here , fall by *Apollo's* Pow'r.

" The God of Wisdom cannot chuse but prize

" Such Harpy-Vulture Dames in Sacrifice.

" And thus besides thou wilt *Minerva* please,

" Thus all th' Infernal Furies thou'lt appease.

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\* To drink of *Lethe* may be said the Courtesie of Hell, because it makes 'em forget all pains.

" They'll

" They'll go for Dainties , when thou'lt giv'n the  
 " blow,

" Pickled in *Satyr* to the Gods below ;

" Infernal Bitt. Tell then, for God's sake, tell,

" How and which way you came ? " I came from  
 " Hell,

" As once the pious *Trojan* did, said he,

" To this *Elysium* of good Company.

And when he saw we all attentive fate,

He drew us thus the Landskip of his Fate.

After that Night, great *Æsculape*, when we

Parted so late, so dolefully from thee,

Light rose, but broke not forth ; 'twas gloomy  
 Morn,

And *Phæbus* seem'd to look at me with scorn ;

As if he'd turn'd his back : I seem'd to see,

He did not mean to shine that day on me.

Whilst I, contemplating the Omen, fate,

*Curio* rides up, interprets me my Fate.

Before my Window, on a raw-bon'd Steed

Sitting, he said, fierce in his Riding-weed :

Laziest of Men, thou art forsaken quite,

Thoul't bitterly repent it before Night.

You'll

You'll meet with Company, I hope, anon,  
Will make you wish, you'd been more early Man.

Spurring his Horse, then presently he fled,  
And left me with *Prediction* murdered.

"For the worst way the Heavens have to kill,

"*Besides the stroke, is to predict the ill.*

I, of thee, *Æsculape*, and these bereft,

Not to too hard, but too soft Fate was left

Of Stage-Coach-Company, and Gossips prate,

And one thing more which ten times more I hate, ¶

Not of that lesser Curse of being alone,

But of a worse, Damnation, being one

Man 'mongst three Women; not the only Man

That three such Errant Dames hop'd to trepan:

But th'only that was to be damn'd that day,

For thirty six Miles, to such Birds of Prey.

Unhappy far, *Prometheus*, beyond thee,

Who but one Vulture had'st, for I had three.

I often chang'd my Mind, was loth to go;

Fate at last dragg'd me whe'er I wou'd or no.

The Coach appear'd, and Company I find,

All Women, but not of the Muses kind.

A Northern Lady, Madam *God knows who*,

Bonny and blith: Her brisk Companion too,

With

With a stale Maid. What cou'd one Gallant do  
 With three such Mistresses, who all wou'd woove ?  
 None cou'd be woo'd : Amaz'd awhile I stand,  
 O Fortune, here, expect thy helping hand :  
 Give some good Omen, Goddess, now I said,  
 Treble *Virago* well one Man may dread.  
 The Proverb means sure, two such Dames as these,  
 That says, Two are too much for *Hercules*.  
 For of meer Men, not Two of them, nor Three,  
 A Match for the God *Hercules* wou'd be,  
 'Less Woman too come in ; by help of Dame  
 We know the dying \* *Centaure* overcame.  
 He'd need be *Trojan* Hero at the least,  
 That but encounters such a Harpy's Nest ;  
 But must be more that 'scapes, or can subdue  
 That foul bespattering fœminean Crew,  
 That, glorious *Cæsar*, 'd be too much for you.  
 I, like *Anchises*, then began to pray  
 Against *Celeno*, 'and Harpyes of the day :  
 To any God , if sacrifice I may,  
 I offer Silence, or behind to stay.

---

\* Whom *Hercules* slew. He to revenge himself upon *Hercules*,  
 gave *Deianira* a Coat to send him dipp'd in his Blood , which  
 made him fall mad. *Vid. Ovid. Met.*



Beseech then Fortune, that since she does make  
 The Fool oft happy, and the Coxcomb take;  
 She'd now do greater work, make Scholar be  
 Grateful to Ignorance; to Quean, Honesty.  
 Like *Cæsar* then o'er *Rubicon* I go,  
 And Fortune leading, but yet startling too,  
 On some small Rules of Modesty I tread,  
 Not on all Laws, as 'twas of *Cæsar* said,  
 My bogling Fancy boldly bid be gone,  
 And thee, ill Fortune, leading, I go on.  
 Into the Coach, yet with some hope, I step,  
 Not without all hope, for I hop'd t'have slept:  
 Trepanning Fortune resolv'd to neglect,  
 I now apply'd to *Somnus* for effect;  
 Invoke for a deep sleep the pleasant God;  
 All pleasure I cou'd hope for whilst I rode;  
 Begg'd that since *Romans* in a pet cou'd dye  
 For Freedom, I might sleep for Liberty.  
 Like those who go to *Tyburn*, on my way  
 Then went, in hopes of Heaven the same day;  
 Ty'd to a Coach and Company as good,  
 As if I had been sent to th' *Triple Wood*.  
 As soon as we were off the jolting Stones,  
 First things they utter'd were some sighs and groans,  
 With

With Eyes turn'd up: The first shape they thought fit  
 T' appear in, was it seems the Hypocrite.  
 But then in Courtesie they all unmask  
 Their Faces, but not Hearts. Oh too hard task,  
 Too hard for \* *Davus*, and much more for us;  
 Scarce to b' interpreted by *Oedipus*.  
 When Northern Madam 'gainst the sins of Man  
 Spoke zealously, but the old Maid began  
 'Gainst single life t' exclaim, and did declare,  
 That for her part, she thought it a meer snare:  
 Went on in Zeal, with Humour and with Grace,  
 That made the most of a decaying Face.  
 Much time this Virgin unawares had spent  
 In sowing Virginitie, more than she meant,  
 Or thought to do; which oft she did repent,  
 Oft had allay'd with soft divertisement;  
 Much had in Body suffer'd, much in Mind,  
 And much in Reputation for being kind.  
 Now at her last effort, all she cou'd do  
 Was, on grave Motives, godlily to wooe.  
 She prov'd, from God's own handy-work, that she  
 By Man's side always had a right to be:

---

\* *Davus sum, non Oedipus*. Ter.

All Women thence first torn, (she 'mongst the rest)  
 By re-conjunction were all to be blest.  
 She pleaded, as if forty Spirits mov'd,  
 Had given her Impulses to be lov'd :  
 And flew in carnal Godliness so high,  
 She read upon *Encrease and Multiply*.  
 Stench'd with Love Theological, I choak,  
 For meer self-preservation should have spoke :  
 But yet averse from feminine dispute,  
 I 'admir'd the happy freedom of the Mute.  
 Which scarce allow'd, I in my own defence,  
 Declar'd for Liberty of Conscience :  
 Thought that the likeliest, and the fairest way  
 To sweet repose ; at least for one poor day.  
 But flaxen Madam, younger much than she,  
 Was kindled at the name of Liberty :  
 Lady indefinite, that of the many  
 She'd seen, and known, was not in Love with any :  
 Not this particular, but this, or that,  
 Her Love impartially still flying at.  
 True *Venus*, Goddess like, still unconfin'd,  
 Immensely was in Love with all mankind.

This blazing Lady at a modish rate,  
 Flesh thus opposing Spirit, urg'd her Fate,

And to the Lady who first silence broke,  
These carnal thoughts she elegantly spoke.

Madam, your Plea is obsolete and vain,  
Quite out of fashion, it leads back again  
To th' House of Bondage, we're broke out from  
thence,

The Spirit uses now new Eloquence ;  
Aloud amongst the Godly daily crys  
For Liberty, and opening of our Eyes.  
In Matrimony Eyes are rather shut,  
At least both Eyes with one poor Man you glut,  
To one alone so dismally confin'd,  
That with Obedience you are struck quite blind.  
The \* plea reduces to an evil thing,  
Enslaves us to an Arbitrary King,  
With power absolute to give us Law,  
And keep our Property still under awe ;  
Our so-long-enjoy'd Liberties invades,  
And spoils the sweetness of our pleasant Trades :

---

\* This Objection against Marriage, made by a Mistress, is answered by *Acer*, at the beginning of the First Dialogue, in the Second Part of *Metellus*, &c.

And therefore, though't be holy, needs must be  
Still burdensome to long-us'd Liberty.

Ah ! Pleasure cannot any where be found,  
But where there's Liberty, does there abound.

Suppose all Blessings that you can in Wife,  
Under confinement still you lead your life ;

*Now to a blessing to be chain'd and ty'd,*

*Is for the Blessed to be Devilify'd.*

*Besides, in Wedlock there is many a grief :*

*All you're confus'd to, and without relief ;*

To soak in sorrow, be consum'd in strife,

Boyl with Contention, wast away your life ;

To stew in Marriage thus for'ought we can tell,

May be as bad as to be fry'd in Hell.

You've too vain thoughts of the Infernal pain,

Who thus compare it with those griefs ye fain,

Madam, said I : much more I wou'd have said,

But our dispute by Fate was stifled.

For *Rhadamanth* had harrassed our brains,

With dismal Jolts, and not unlike Hell's pains,

Which came then thick upon us, and 'twas *Ill*,

Not only rugged, but repeated still,

Not likely e're to end, nor yet cou'd kill.

We cou'd not on the Coachman's Rack dispute,  
 So, for some time, we all of us were mute.  
 Resolv'd, O *Lælius*, these things soon as we  
 Met, to discourse more thorowly with thee.

But we at last came to a fairer way,  
 Pleasant and broad, yet still down-hill all day,  
 I think we went : by th' way no Man cou'd tell  
 Nor Company, but we were going to Hell.  
 The Coach-man like a *Rhadamanthus* fate,  
 Hurried us downward at such Devilish rate,  
 And uncontrollable, the Plea, Hold, Hold,  
 Signify'd nothing, he was hot and bold.  
 Th' inexorable fury was come on,  
 His Breast by Ale, he whipt like *Tisyphon*.  
 \* Ale a dull Liquor, where Hell's Brewers mix  
*Lethe's* forgetful Streams with muddy *Styx*.  
 Black Juice that does from blacker Furnace flow,  
 ('Tis thought the Nectar of the Gods below)  
 The never-quenching Drink of those abodes,  
 The irritating Liquor of our Roads,  
 That makes dull Coachmen stir, fat Burghers sit,  
 The more they drink, the more desiring it.

---

\* Digression of Ale.

Some say 'twas *Ceres* Tears, when she in grief  
Sought long in vain *Proserpina's* relief,  
Which mixt with *Styx*, and *Lethe*, still in Hell,  
They drink to th' Honour of that Maid that fell  
To *Pluto's* share. —————

And some of *Bacchus* Faction too there be,  
Who say, with no less probability,  
'Tis the now black *Proserpina's* gross sweat,  
Caused in dark Shades by an Infernal heat,  
Thence sent to us : But if a brisk Old Man,  
*Apollo's* Servant, hater of the Can,  
We will believe, if we may believe fame,  
*Ale* first was Lake, Nymph who by *Ceres* came  
To be ennobled; eclips'd *Bacchus* Name,  
Oppos'd bright *Phæbus* Glory. Some gross Cloud  
Threw oft on those *Apollo* had endow'd :  
Hence the brown Nymph by angry *Bacchus* frown,  
First was disgrac'd, by *Phæbus*, then damn'd down  
To dark Abodes : Dwells since in Muddy Lakes  
Of dirty Towns, where the long hissing Snakes  
Infuse their Venome : Taken with th' abode  
Of Croaking Frog, and of the Stygian Toad :

Near some great Town she still environ'd lies,  
 With Mists and Foggs, whence, O whence no sparks  
 rise

Of Ingenuity. By 'infernal Flames  
 Of Acherontick Coal, her Waters, Dames,  
 Or Brewers, boil : by them convey'd, and sold,  
 They 'impower the old and ugly Queans to scold,  
 Young Whores to hiss : make all ill Women bold.  
 This Drink clouds all Mens Brains, the darkned  
 Mind

By the gross Nymph is to gross Thoughts inclin'd.  
 In common Men, does hideous Noises make,  
 Resembling Frogs, from whence it came, and Snake.  
 On Market-days, the heavy Country Clown  
 This rouzes up to moule his Landlord down.  
 Hence first Rebellion hisses in the street ;  
 This makes the Uproar, makes the Rabble meet.  
 This makes the blunt and brawny Carmen croke,  
 And the exalted Coachman to provoke.  
 Charon's cold Tribe this fires, and makes 'em row,  
 This makes 'em fight, and give the fatal Blow.  
 The foul *Tartarean* Bawd this does inspire,  
 And teaches her how to exalt her Hire.



This metamorphoses at Country-Feast,  
 The Common Man into the shape of Beast.  
 To drunken Sow, turns th' Hostess of the Town,  
 And this turns Country-Gentleman to Clown.

For these great Feats, Infernal *Pluto* makes  
 This Nymph, they say, the Lady of all Lakes,  
 Resembling *Styx*; the Goddess of the Fen,  
 Of Grains, of Swine, and of all swilling Men,  
 Ten thousand Furnaces to her do smoke  
 In the dark North, where they great Cities choke.  
 Nor does the Nymph delight in purer Flame,  
 Well swollen Bellies do set forth her Name.  
 Where *Bacchus* fails, in shape of double Jugg,  
 This homely Goddess they are fain to hugg;  
 Yet build no Temples, but adore in Tub  
 The huge gross Sister of great *Belzebub*.

Thus spake the Poet, soaring in good Wine  
 Above dull Ale, a Liquor less Divine.

Had good *Aeneas* been a Pilgrim still,  
 And met us running down so steep a Hill  
 As here we did, and to a Vale so low,  
 What could he think, but that we meant to go  
 To *Pluto's* Regions, when we hurried so,  
 With such *Proserpina's*? —

He must have complimented, without doubt,  
 Furies within, and *Rhadamanth* without ;  
 Nor would have needed *Sibyl*, nor the Bough,  
 To lead his Piety the right Way now,  
 To *Styx* or *Acheron* ; for we had Three  
 As skilful *Sibyls*, who were all as free  
 Of Hell, by' another *Golden* Mystery.

The Morning spent thus dolefully ; Day gone  
 Almost three Quarters, and Night coming on,  
*Se'n-Oak's* small Town at last we stumble on.

The Inn appear'd, and as soon as we came  
 Within the door, and bonny Northern Dame,  
 With help of Coachman, the good Host had fixt  
 In Elbow-Chair, with no small State, betwixt  
 Her two Companions ; she had wip'd off sweat.  
 Next care the House had, was to let us eat.  
 Hostess and Host advance, pursue us in,  
 With all the Household-Devils of an Inn.  
 My Landlord, who in Compliments abounded,  
 With Tapster, Chamberlain, and Maids surrounded,  
 Gave us of things both ord'nary and rare,  
 A very Tantalizing Bill of Fare.  
 But Northern Madam and her Dames afraid,  
 The Burden of a Dinner would be laid

Too hard on them, who had no Gallant there,  
 In Wisdom thought it safest to forbear  
 Their Hunger then ; cry'd 'tis too late to eat,  
 What shou'd they do with all that greasie Meat ?  
 And wanted Stomachs too, but what was worse,  
 My Landlord fear'd a greater want in Purse.  
 And so in cold Despair soon turn'd his Back,  
 Left his good Wife to make the next Attack.  
 But *Rhadamant* grown fierce, so vain excuse  
 Cou'd be 'gainst him and Hunger, of no use :  
 We join in Argument ; what help, said I ?  
 These Devils here of Dinner-time, desie,  
 By Nature fasting, we must eat or fly :  
 The Coachman sware, That he must eat, or dy.  
 In hungry Rage I conjure down the Host,  
 Of squeamish Fairies, raise my Landlord's Ghost,  
 Bespeak a Dinner ; whilst they lay the Cloth,  
 I call for Wine, and lay great *Bacchus* wrath.  
 When Dinner came, in Courtesie we pray  
 Landlord and Landlady, who scarce obey ;  
 Too full of bus'ness ; busie with their Meat,  
 " That foul, but great Employment of the great !  
 Providing what to drink, and what to eat.

But

But came at last. My N'ost (*hoping n' Offence*)  
 T'enflame the Reckning : she with best pretence,  
 To wait upon the *Dames* in our Defence.  
 Of woolly Venison then came up a Loin :  
 Two Rabbits next : we'allay with cheering Wine  
 Bad Company : and plentifully dine.  
 We'd done, and *Rhadamant* began to call,  
 Dire *Rhadamant*, Determiner of all  
 Our Time, and Pastime, there was no Appeal,  
 When black *Ambrosia* had once fir'd his Zeal.  
 The Reckoning came, and Northern Madam read  
 A learned Lecture upon Beer and Bread,  
 Then on the Meat, saying, Indeed she could wish  
 A longer time to debate every Dish,  
 With the sharp Hostess : but that not allow'd  
 By *Rhadamant*, who call'd again aloud ;  
 A short dispute how we shou'd pay, arose :  
 I offer all, but Madam too well knows  
 What Honour is ; she presses, I obey :  
 Allow her half the Honour of the day.

Down stairs we come, take leave of *Se'n-Oak-*  
 Town,  
 A little place, and of a small Renown,

Unless remember'd for the first Approach  
 Of *Tunbridge*-Fairies, who haunt every Coach,  
 There first ; fair Dippers, who come fourteen Mile  
 To get a Promise, or a hopeful Smile,  
 Of any Lady, or of some fine Man,  
 To dip their Water for 'em, if they can.  
 These with Addresſes we found at the door,  
 We answer'd them with Smiles then, and no  
 more,

Leaving their farther Plea to th' Fountain's Head,  
 Their sweet Abode, there to be answered.  
 We all took Coach, when *Rhadamant* had spoke  
 Words of Command, and given the smart stroke ;  
 Away we're hurried by two stout, swift Pair  
 Of excellent Horses, neighing through the Air ;  
 And now we had some hopes that we might come,  
 At last beyond Hell, to *Elysium*.

The Road was gravelly, the Way was wide,  
 Enclos'd with Wood, and Pasture on each side ;  
 Green Pastures here drest in their Flowers appear,  
 There Fields of Corn, as much as Ground can bear,  
 Commend the Soil, and prophesie the Year.  
 Beyond th' Inclosure, far as you can see,  
 Vast Woods, in looking wild, look pleasantly :

The

The Sun was chearful, and the Day was mild,  
 The Birds rejoyc'd, and the whole Country smil'd,  
 Welcoming of us all the way we went,  
 With pleasant Prospect, or with fragrant Scent ;  
 Birds gave us wild, but sweet, Divertisement.  
 But Pleasure, like this World,'s top quickly gone,  
 Not till we lost it, known, or thought upon.  
 For on a suddain we to *Tunbridge* came,  
 For nothing memorable but the Fame  
 Of some few *Bridges*, whence it has that Name.  
 A low, a dirty, and ill-favour'd Town,  
 On which well-wishing Travellers might frown ;  
 In Honour of the Country, wish it down.  
 Ill-favour'd Street, ill-favour'd Houses, Race  
 Of People, that might suit with such a Place :  
 Yet in this ugly Place, was one fair Wife,  
 One dainty Daughter, dress'd up to the Life.  
 No Coach past here, but Homage still was paid  
 Or to fine Mistress, or to the fair Maid ;  
 But that fair Day both Beauties were displai'd.  
 Fair Hostess, delicately dress'd, and fine,  
 < Far before *Bear*, or *Bull*, inviting Sign  
 To Ale ; though no great Token of good Wine.)

First at the door ; then made gentle Approach,  
With th' Inn-Retinue, and attack'd the Coach.

Tapster on one hand, in Blue Apron fine,  
And Lac'd Cravat, produc'd that, he call'd Wine.

Daughter remarkable for costly Face  
To those who call there, and for costly Lace

She'd set it in ; behind her Mother came,  
But not at all behind her in her Fame.

The Mother march'd before : for both their sakes,  
Went *Gentlewoman-Sewer* to her Cakes.

We look, We snap, but stay as little while  
As wary Dogs do at the River *Nile*.

We call for Reckoning, find the low Expence  
Reach'd not that Day unto the *Seeing-Sence* :

W<sup>e</sup> allow for Cakes and Ale, allow no more ;  
So left the Beauty-Treat upon the Score.

Wine we put by ; " For where the Woman's fine,  
" Where Tapster's Drawer, no Wise Man drinks  
" Wine.

We pay, we go, stern *Rhadaman* gives Law  
T' his nimble Horses with the Lash : they draw  
Us quickly off from *Tunbridge Remora*.

We run the rugged Street, *Rhadaman* still  
With Beauty fir'd, and Ale, whips up the Hill.

The

The *Tionbridge* Dames tormenting of his Breast,  
Nor he, nor Horses now have any Rest.

The metled Coachman, metled Horses gain  
Soon th'easie Hill, and run us to the Plain.

The Country opens, and a long, wild Heath  
First entertains us there with purer Breath :  
Then gives a Prospect, which with more Delight,  
Pleases the Eye, than where it loses sight.

" Conducted to the farthest of its Sphere

" By Nature, Nature recreates it there,

" And treats it by the way too ev'ry where ;

" Feasts it with Objects ; ev'ry pleasant Green

" Which in the distant Woods and Fields are seen,

" So softly fill, so sweetly please the Eye,

" Sight does not, as in endless Prospect, dye,

" But satiates with the Variety.

Nearer the Way, upon the Mother-Ground  
Of all choice Simples, Mother-Time is found,  
Adorn'd with forty sorts of Flowers round ;

A little farther shelter'd with the Green

And Shady Wood, some rarer Herbs are seen.

Wood-Sorrel, wholsome Betony, does grow,

" Which has more Vertues than *Physicians* know.



forty forts too, which the Old Woman well  
 Knows, we in gross discover by the Smell ;  
 With many more a *Solomon* might name,  
 But not found in the Catalogue of Fame.

\* Just by the side of this so pleasant Way,  
 Some Pye-bald Houses stand, and strangely gay,  
 So differently colour'd, you would think  
 Each Pane of Wall there, were to sell you Drink.  
 As slight, as if built only for one Day,  
 Nor 'bove Three Months of Twelve can Men there  
 stay

For Wind and Weather ; five Rooms scarce one  
 Hearth,

Of other Necessaries as great Dearth.  
 Sure the wise Founder hardly could suppose,  
 'Twould still be Summer there, when he built those  
 Fine Bowers for Houses, but hop'd he might make  
 A Twelve-month's Rent in Three ; so save his  
 Stake.

Here we alight, and of the Price enquire,  
 Having first view'd ; but finding Week's Rent  
 higher

Than Month's at *London*, we soon thence retire ;

Leaving

Leaving, as many had done, the dainty House,  
 For splendid Castle, to the Country Mouse :  
 We hasten thence, and not a hundred Yards,  
 But we see more ; fair Houses still of Cards.  
 We view, and pass ; each pretty Three-month's  
 Seat,

Bound by Foundation to be Nine-months Cheat :  
 We praise 'em yet, and for most fine and fair-  
 Dwellings commend 'em to the *Birds of th' Air*.

But *Rhadamant*, now come within the Smell  
 Of the good Ale, and the good Dames o'th' *Well* ;  
 Hurries us down with such a furious speed,  
 He's *Rhadamantine* Galloper indeed.

Just as the Kite that hov'ring in the Air,  
 Falls, waving something ; And then pitches fair,  
 Near the Outhouses of some scatter'd Town,  
 To snatch the Chicken for which he comes down.  
 So tow'ring *Rhadamant* whirls down the Hill,  
 Circling a little, and glorying in his Skill,  
 Pitches and stops, at last, near a fair Way,  
 And there exposes his two Birds of prey,  
 On a small Platt betwixt the Church and *Well* ;  
 The fittest place for the Impure to dwell ;  
 The fittest place for such Pure Dames to sell  
 Hypocrisy. —————

(Now

(Now only two ; for th' Elder Lais was lent  
By th' way for some Gentile Divertisement)  
But two were here expos'd ; they look about,  
Soon find an old and ugly Hovel out.

Where a declining Lady of the Mode,  
Th' Mode not declining yet, lodg'd near the Road.  
A House it was, if yet a House ; or Cave,  
Or such a House, as Savages might have.

A place, that sometimes entertain'd some Men,  
But was indeed but a foul Harpy's Den, }  
Where, all come in, none whole come out agen.  
'Tis Death for Worth to come within the Door ;  
Repute, if 't once come there, 's ne'er heard of  
more.

Th' ignorant Traveller here unawares  
Oft falls into th' inhospitable Snares.

Hither our Dames, by instinct led, wou'd go,  
They enter, meet ; at sight acquainted grow, }  
By' apparent Sympathy each other know.

Like Qualities appear in Eyes and Face ;  
Words jump with words. " Oh ! what enchanting  
Grace

Has like to like ? How sweetly art thou blest,  
Villany, when thou jump'st too with Interest ?

The Proverb holds not here, though Two, nay  
Three

Of the same Trade meet, yet they may agree.  
So greatest Trades have taught, Rich *Paul's Church*  
Row,

Hard *Turn-stile*, filken *Pater Noster* too ;  
Th' *Exchanges* both ; who from that Practice grow :  
All with Advantage, all together woove  
Next Man that comes. So here to fair Trepan  
Fair Dames pretend. Catch she, that best catch can.  
Thus settled are the excellentest Three  
That could be join'd in a Sorority.

The once fam'd, and still useful *Rhodotbe*,  
Fond *Megara*, cunning *Tisyphone*.

The first was settled there, th' two last came in. }  
*Rhodotbe* match for forty Lads had been,  
Skilful in Sores of Love and Spots of Sin.

Dame that had sometimes amorous heats of Zeal,  
In which some Scars of Fame she us'd to heal,  
Would any Crime conceal for the distress'd,  
Especially when 'twas her Interest.

Sometimes had Raptures, in which she wou'd tell  
Abroad the dark Occurrences of Hell :

All and more than she knew: When Zeal and  
Wine

Had rais'd her Breast to Fury not Divine.

Dame, Age, and Uglinefs, from Toys of Love

Long ſince had eas'd: her Spirit now above

The Pleaſure, not the trade, flown to the height

Of black Deſpair, Remorſe had turn'd to Spight;

A Pillar of ſalt Malice: had ſuch Touch

Of a dire Sect too, that ſhe was ſo much,

And great in th' Eyes of many Reverend Dames,

She came to be Determiner of *Fames*.

What ſhe thought fit to ſay, or what ſhe wrote,

The reſt wou'd very reverently quote.

Her Life was ſuch, ſhe was in Calumny

Of undeniable Authority.

And judging others Faults ſtill by her own,

She was in Sins to that Perfection grown,

She impos'd her own on any: ſhe had none.

In ſhort, this holy *Momus* Off-ſpring cou'd

Befpatter what, and where, and whom ſhe wou'd.

          Theſe were the Three, but theſe Three were not  
all;

Poetick Fury here might Furies call.

In Hell w' have heard of some, but *Tunbridge-Well*  
Has now a greater Sisterhood than Hell.

Of *metamorphos'd* Virgins, who shroud Tash,  
*Pluto's* Amours in vain come here to wash.

Nor need they all be now just by such Names  
As we give these, known; they're known by their  
Fames.

And if not Furies all, yet all may be  
True Harpies in our modern Poetry.

"A flutt'ring sort of Dames, trepanning Race,

"High-flying Women, that devour the place,

"Bespatter all the Banquets with Disgrace.

"Of, all Sorts these are, and some of every Sect,

"Some of the *Reprobates*, and some of the *Elect*,

"Which in Debauch speak all one *Dialect*.

All here in pleasant Principles agree,

Though not in sower ones, of Divinity.

Nor *Anabaptist*, nor sower *Presbyter*

E'er thinks true Flesh and Blood in Love can err.

Whether Church erre or not, they follow still

In Love, th' instinct of *Nature* and *Free-will*.

Though for true Speculation, and Right,

And Practice of our Pieties we fight.

Yet all Perswasions do too oft agree,  
 Here in the Practice of Impiety.  
 Ill Women of all sorts here hope to be  
 Mistress or Devil to 'every thing they see.  
 All Hunt, all Court, if any chance to fail  
 Of what all aim at, all by Nature rail.  
 If you're acquainted once, like those, you're gone,  
 Whom \* Fairies snatch for being Companion.  
 And gone to such a Sister-hood, as well  
 New Poets think, out-strips the old one's Hell.  
 For all, that cruel Fate condemns to these,  
 Are plagu'd as much, and have as little ease.  
 Not only *Tisyphon*, each Sister makes  
 Her Tongue a Whip here, of a thousand Snakes.  
 And though none of these wear the bloody Coat,  
 These *Tisyphons* yet anger'd cut your throat.  
 Th' Acquaintance kills; which yet if you wou'd  
     fly,  
 They'll shoot you flying, kill you with a Lye.  
 Such as from *David's* time, the wicked Darr,  
 To murder in the dark the *Right in Heart*.

---

\* See *Glanvil's Sadduc. Triumph*. Story of the *High Euc.*

Some base Reproach, so either way ye dy  
 By a *Dilemma* of Iniquity.  
 Thus these sweet Ladies pass the Summer here,  
 And do again at Winter grow as clear  
 As *London Fires* can make 'em ; here well try'd,  
 But at return so Spiritually dy'd,  
 Under Protection of some holy Sect,  
 They turn again into the pure *Elect* ;  
 To publick Shame, so private Interest  
 Makes Saint of Quean, too oft amongst the best.  
 But if they're *happy whose Iniquity*  
*Is not imputed*, happy then is she  
 'Bove all the Tribe of downright sinful Lovers,  
 Whose blest Amours shew of Religion covers. ---

Then *Asculape* stood up, and with some wrath  
 Said, Horrid Journey, *Acer*, by my Troth.  
 But thou hadst some Diversion now and then,  
 And all has now well furnished thy Pen.  
 But that which pleas'd us most, thou didst so trace,  
 So claw those devilish Harpies of the Place,  
 They'll tumble now sure hence to Hell apace.  
 This pretty Paradise, O may'st thou free,  
 With thy Satyrick Ingenuity,  
 From this foul and fœminean Enemy.

Then



Then *Lælius* spake-----

Thou 'st shewn us, *Acer*, thy Satyrick Wit,

Something of *Encomiastick* too with it.

A Harpy here, alas ! is not a Foe,

With all its Feathers, proof against thy Blow.

Though they car'd little for *Aeneas* Swords,

*Anchises* Prayers, yet they'll feel thy Words.

Harpies took this time, *Wrong Sow by the Ear* ;

They'll tremble hereafter at a Poet here.

But yet that younger Lady of the Coach,

*Acer*, methinks deserves no great Reproach.

You promised but now to answer me

In her behalf. O let me Champion be,

In so delightful Cause. Most willingly,

*Acer* reply'd. After day or two's rest,

Now 'tis too late, and I'm with Sleep oppress'd.

All favour the Excuse, loth to delay

*Acer's* Repose, adjourn'd from Night to Day.

Third Day was set, but *Æsculape* desir'd,

Since *Acer* cruel Fortune had so tir'd,

With Contraries to Wit, and we so late

Had kept him up, repeating of his Fate ;

That *Curio*'d first survey, and then rehearse

That pleasant Wildness in well polish'd Verse.

*Acer* and *Lalius* not till the fourth Day  
 Shou'd have their Dialogue : The Witts obey.  
 Our Friends take leave, but merrily admire  
 The Cottage first, and Hostess, so retire.

By this time the good Dame with Ale reviv'd,  
 Something of a poor Lodging had contriv'd :  
 We all good Beds, and all clean Linen had,  
 Though all things poor, yet nothing that was bad :  
 Far'd as well as the Rich, with fewer things,  
 And in poor Beds slept better than great Kings.

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THE

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---

T H E  
Second Dialogue.

---

*Tunbridge-Wells*

A N D

Place Described.

*Metellus.* **T**Wice since we came, we in this little place

Early had seen bright *Phæbus* chearing Face.

And now the Sun within the Cottage door,

Seen all the Morning long, shin'd there no more.

Near shady Trees the horned Cattle stood,

Beating off Flies, and chewing of the Cud,

Horses sought shelter in the Neighbouring Wood. }

Sheep, holding down their Heads, together run,

Exposing their thick Fleeces to the Sun.

The

The pretty Birds in leavy Groves were hid,  
 Nor sing they now, as some hours since they did,  
 The old and younger Cocks begin to crow,  
 And that 'twas Noon let their old Mistrefs know.  
 When the good Dame yet looking at the Sun,  
 And seeing that the wonted space was run,  
 Which made the first half day, set on the Board  
 Such Meats as her poor Cottage cou'd afford.  
 We fed on Bacon, and on Coleworts well,  
 And drank in Maple, Ale that did excel,  
 Not Brewers mixture, but the drink of *Tale*,  
 Brisk Salutiferous Old Woman's Ale.  
 Soon as we'd Din'd, *Curio* took up his Lute ;  
 This said he, *Acer*, now the best will suite  
 With wearied minds, at this time of the day,  
 And walking 'bout the Room began to play.  
 He sung of Ebbing and of Flowing Seas,  
 And of that Power that does such things as these,  
 Whence Rivers come, and whence sweet Fountains  
 flow,  
 And how their Origins we best may know ;  
 Almost two hours, (nor did we think it long)  
 We'd fate attentive to the Learned Song.

When

When *Æsculape* and *Lælius* coming in  
 Began to tell us at what Treat they'd been.  
 The Heath-poult Critically they compare  
 With other Fowl, what Wheat-ear was, how rare,  
 They tell ; and then commend the well-grown Fish,  
 Reading us Lectures upon every Dish,  
 Admire at last the Plate, in which they eat  
 And drank so splendidly, beyond the Meat :  
 When *Curio* excellently thus began ; —

*Curio*. “ That Care, great *Æsculape*'s scarce wor-  
 thy Man ;

“ To be so great a Critick in good Meat,

“ And with such Curiosity to eat.

“ Prodigal Luxury ! how dost thou waste

“ The World in Dinners ? At a Meal we taste

“ The Sea and Air, nor are we yet content,

“ Unless we see too half the *Continent*.

“ O too ambitious hunger of the Great !

“ Who thus wou'd treat us with the sight of Meat ; }

“ Nature's desire, alas ! is but to eat.

“ With many mock'd, with much choak'd up, we  
 die,

“ Not for want of, but with Variety.

“ Were

" Were Health or Nature ask'd, which wou'd  
accord

" To that vain-Glory of so splendid Board ?

" The Sick are not reliev'd with so much Wine,

" Nor to be well, need we use Cups so fine.

" The Drink's no wholsomer in Gold, than Wood,

" And to the Thirsty the cold Stream's as good.

" Great Courts the Cottage but in this excel,

" That those eat more, but these eat oft'ner well.

" The great in their great Palaces have less,

" Than the poor Cottage has, of happiness.

*Æscul.* These Stoick thoughts, said *Æsculape*, do  
well

Become thee, *Curio*, in this lowly Cell.

But that which we came hither now to see,

Is Landscape of this Place, and drawn by thee.

W' entreat thee therefore that thou would'st re-  
hearse,

And give us Yesterday's Survey in Verse.

*The P L A C E.*

*Curio.* Since 'tis your pleasure, Wits, and your  
command,

'Twould be in me ill manners to withstand.

Not many hours I had enjoy'd of rest

In that sweet habitation of the blest,

Where Solitude and Poverty to those

Who there inhabit, give a sound repose.

But fresh *Aurora* dispos'd the World to light,

*Phœbus* arising, banish'd from our sight

The glimm'ring Moon, and every lesser light ;

Forcing my Window, importun'd my Eyes,

With chearful beams, invited me to rise.

The Larks were up, already, mounted high,

And with their chearing Notes had fill'd the Sky.

The Sparrows chirp'd, the Thrush and Blackbird  
sung,

With Bird's sweet Musick all the Countrey rung.

Whilst Nature's soft Musicians sing and play

Thus round about me, without Fidlers pay,

More natural, less merc'enary than they ;

I dress apace, not like the Men that woe ;  
 But clap on Cloaths, as Men of business do.  
 Dress'd, I went forth, and took the path that brings  
 Me after a short walk unto the Springs.  
 I cross the wild, but sweet, and pleasant Heath ;  
 And as I go, I quicken with the breath  
 Of Air, perfum'd with fresh and fragrant Earth  
 Something descending, till at last I came  
 Unto that little place of so great fame ;  
 The Walks and Wells of Tisbury, which both joyn,  
 Rude, till of late beginning to be fine.  
 Each way you come, some new built Houses stand,  
 You'd think some little City were at hand,  
 So plac'd, so pretty, that as you come down,  
 They look like Suburbs of some pleasant Town.  
 Taverns appear at first, with costly Signs,  
 And better token of good Town, good Wines.  
 Through these Preliminaries then you go  
 To th' Upper Walk, divided with a Row  
 Of shady Trees, from that which is below. }  
 Trees, which since any, pity there's so few :  
 Pity we give not th' Healthy Soil its due.  
 Doubtless if till'd, place that as well might bear  
 All sorts of Trees, as those few we see there.



For that Omission, Art makes this amends,  
 That this one Row of Trees both Walks defends  
 From *Phœbus* Beams, and something from the Rain,  
 Art, it seems, here does nothing too in vain.  
 The Upper-Walk's a rich and pleasant Street,  
 Gentile as any, more than any sweet :  
 Where pleasures of the Town and Country meet.  
 The Shops, like those of fam'd St. *Germain's* Fair  
 For Plate, for Sweet-Meats, but beyond for Air.  
 Nor in the choice of Ware wou'd be behind,  
 Might these such Chapmen here, as there are, find,  
 Beyond that, and th' Exchange, in pleasant shade,  
 Which always here by verdant Trees is made,  
 Far beyond both for Sights : The Buyer sees  
 City in Countrey, *Cheapside* among Trees.  
 Turn from the Shops, you see some pleasant Hill :  
 Turn back, green Trees, which Complement you  
 still,  
 Bending their Heads, obliging you with shade,  
 To look into the Shops seem to perswade.  
 The Shops not only entertain with Toys,  
 But th' Buyer there good Company enjoys ;  
 Some by a well-contriv'd and happy chance,  
 Fortune, by Ruffling, does to Plate advance,

At

At no great Hazard ; these buy Gifts to send,  
 Those sell to give : All time with pleasure spend.  
 Ah, were we so well govern'd in delights,  
 As most t' affect that place that most invites !  
 Amiable *Tunbridge*, how soon then might we  
 Make more than a *St. Germain's* Fair of thee.  
 Decaying Trades revive by coming down,  
 Abroad enjoy the pleasures of the Town.  
 'Midst of the Trees *Apollo* has a Quire,  
 Nor can we, *Phœbus* choose, but here admire.  
 'Mong all thy excellencies these soft Arts  
 Of thine, with which thou recreat'st our hearts,  
 Easest our Cares, that sick minds too here may,  
 Whilst well set Tunes thy skilful Musick play,  
 Chearfully pass the Morning of each Day.  
 Our Bodies, Crystal Springs would cleanse in vain,  
 To little purpose purifie the Brain,  
 Did not these Harmonies of *Phœbus* do  
 With them still some part of the wonder too.  
 Nor is the Gentle God in pleasure dear,  
 To those who do frequent his Pastimes here.  
 The smallest Sacrifice of half a Crown,  
 Offer'd by each at first, when they come down,

Propitiates

Propitiate that half year the skilful Quire,  
 Nor take they all that Summer other Hire.  
 But when these see bright *Phœbus* Rays decline,  
 And the gay Troop below no longer shine;  
 When Day grows short, when Birds and they descry  
 Approaching cold, these Nightingales do fly }  
 To warmer Regions, there their Fortune try.  
 This pleasant Street is all the Morning long,  
 A great, gentile, and not unruly Throng;  
 A sober Multitude of ev'ry Sort  
 Except the Mean, who seldom there resort,  
 Epitome of Country, Camp, and Court;  
 Grave here till Noon, then go elsewhere to sport:  
 Dire Sects may here of grim Devotion talk,  
 Whilst Moderater-Men just by 'em walk.  
 Th' Enthusiastick with his Brain as full }  
 Of Fury as *Geneva* Pulpit-Bull;  
 Yet here walks quiet, peaceable and dull.  
 Here the unfortunate of Loss complain,  
 Here rich Curmudgeons plot t' encrease their Gain;  
 And here soft Lovers do each other chear,  
 Nor does Love find what can offend it here.  
 Best Independent Meeting; you may say,  
 Or sing, or read, or meditate, or pray:

Each as inspir'd ; and tho' you 'have not that Grace,  
The Musick makes it yet a Heavenly Place.

The Underwalk runs parallel with this,  
But something lower, and of lower Bliss ;  
Place Rural Gods did not intend to bless  
With more, it seems, than *Market-Happiness*.  
Design'd to be but *Larder* to the great  
And nobler Walk ; *Fair Magazine of Meat*.

O, were I Painter now, how well cou'd I  
Describe this pretty Market to the Eye ?  
But Airy Language cannot shew so well,  
Nor what's bought, nor how prettily they sell.

There is a Row of Trees that does divide  
The Upper Walk and Lower : There the Pride  
Of City stands : the Country here abide  
In Walk, though Low, as pleasant and as plain  
As th' other is, but fitter for the Swain.  
Great numbers here of well-clad People stand,  
Both Men and Women ; none with empty hand ;  
Each brings you Dainties : Dainties you command,  
At a low Price : when you have pleas'd your Eye,  
With sight of Plenty' as easily you buy.  
The nicest stomachs at no Market find  
Of *England*, sooner Dainties to their Mind.

Wheat

Wheat-Ears and Quails which every where are  
sought;

Here are the finest and the cheapest bought.

Heath-poult and Pheasant, ev'ry thing the Year

And Season can afford, they' afford you here.

The Lady, without wetting of her Shooe,

May chuse her Dinner, while her Gallants wooe.

Appears more lovely in the low Employ,

Whilst the' amorous Friend presents the welcome

Toy:

The Tunbridge Bisket or the Country Cake,

Which with great Care here cleanly Housewives

make

So well, That they with City Palates take.

Baskets of choicest Fruits the Gallants bear

To Ladies hence; fair Presents and not dear.

Excellence, such Gifts no where have, but here

The want of Garden is so well supply'd,

No Fruit is to the' Inhabitants deny'd.

The Market's Garden, where though none can sow,

None need to plant, none take the pains to mow.

All Crops all reap: All Fruits seem there to grow.

As fair as well-prun'd Trees this untill'd Field

The best of Fruits does without Gardiner yield.

Under the fragrant Leaves of yonder Trees  
 You ready gather'd find fresh Strawberries.  
 With Odoriferous Rasps, beneath that Tree  
 Shaded with Poplar Leaves you Cherries see,  
 As fresh as if they grew there, but more rare,  
 As if just grown, where none grow, they appear.  
 All *Kent's* the Garden, this fair place may be  
 Call'd with great Reason *Kent's Epitome*.  
~~Kent~~ all conspires to feed ye, the best Plum,  
 Best Pears they have, from their best Gardens come.  
 Women, not more ambitious to sell  
 Than to be seen, are all of 'em dress'd well,  
 In plain, but most becoming Country Clothes;  
 Plain Modesty, adorning more than those,  
 Sets of the Rural Nymphs, and makes 'em show  
 Beyond what City Art or Cost can do.  
 Beauty in Cities is disguis'd, but here  
 The Goddess does without her Masque appear.  
 \* Hence, O hence learn, ye Beauties of the Court,  
 And, ye fair Citizens, who here resort,  
 At how much cheaper Rate you may be fine,  
 And how ye may restore those Looks Divine,

---

\* Digression to Ladies who use Art.

Which that great God, that made you, did bestow,  
But now no vestige here of his can know.

Too vain those Arts are which teach thus to dress,  
They do but make, what Nature gave you, less.

Ye hide in borrow'd Looks the noblest Part

Of God's best Work, disparaging his Art.

Can Women's Art great Nature's Skill out-do?

What, 'bove fair Nature, can in Woman woo?

Pictures, not Beauties, ye aspire to be;

Men wou'd not th' Artificial Woman see,

But that which Nature fram'd, your self in you,

Nor can they be in Love, but with the true.

Nature forbids: Men naturally hate

All in Mankind that is Sophisticate.

Colour's not all the Beauty of the Face

That renders amiable our Humane Race.

Our Nature is with more Perfection seen

In the sweet Humour, and the taking Meen,

And sparkling Wit, live Features from within

Shining, than in an Artificial Skin.

O ye, that have such Gifts as those, disgrace

Not Nature thus by a *Pigmalion* Face.

True Love's not gain'd by Face which Art has  
made,

Nor can those artificial Looks persuade.

Affection's natural : whom ye abuse ;

Nature it is that must True Love infuse ;

Who' in this new *Eden* surely must have meant

*Adam's* lost Paradise to represent.

And if the World at first from Atomes came,

Why may n't these Atomes here too do the same

In this small World ? \_\_\_\_\_

By accidental Concourse, give us twice

The Happiness of earthly Paradise ?

A Thought more probable, *Lucrece*, than thine,

Excellent Poet, but prophane Divine.

Here are the Rarities of that blest Place,

These look like Primitives of Humane Race ;

Here's *Adam's* first Felicity, nay, more,

They' have something *Adam* had not heretofore :

No Mortal here, for Fruit he eats, is chid,

Or Meat ; no Meat or Fruit is here forbid.

Better then, from this Concourse, Paradise

May, than the World cou'd, from small Atomes,  
rise,



Beyond this Walk, but on a lower Ground,  
 Butchers, scarce seen from hence, are to be found,  
 In little, but clean Shops, where they conceal  
 The sweetest Mutton, as good Beef, white Veal,  
 And Lamb, from Fly, and you; lest ere you eat,  
 Your Stomach dine, cloy'd with the sight of Meat.  
 'Soon as you come, the bloody Merchants smile,  
 And in their pleasant sanguinary Stile,  
 Tell of what Mutton they are there the Death,  
 That woolly Venison of their fragrant Heath,  
 Which, had it but its due, ought to be here  
 Preferr'd before the Wild and Fallow Deer.  
 In Rural Eloquence they' express as well  
 Savo'ry Perfections of their Beef and Veal.  
 But so accommodating this rough Trade  
 By sweet Place, and sweet Interest is made;  
 That for small Money, and some Amity,  
 To fit you, they'll divide one Joint in three.  
 Help with fair Words the Bargain: make an end  
 With smooth Prognostick how their Meat will  
 spend.  
 On one side of this Walk, Fish always stand,  
 And not far off, on a dry Platt of Sand,

So fresh, they' offend no Nose ; the Eye they please  
To see on so dry Land such Fish as these.

All sorts are sold ; all sorts of Men here buy :

All Appetites vote Uniformity.

With Popish Conscience godly Stomachs join,  
As well as those, on Crab and Lobster, dine.

Though not so well affected to the Chair  
Of *Peter* ; yet in Appetite keep fair

With Brethren of the Trade ; the Popish Meat  
Protesting 'gainst the' Injunction, they may eat :

To' advance on good Considerations,

Not *Peter's* Inte'rest but the Nation's.

The Lobster, Oyster, and the Crab, we see  
Good honest Heathens eat as well as we.

" But 'tis Religion that is nought with Fish ;

" What need the day prescribe to us the Dish ?

Now Superstition is all cast behind,

If we' eat but what, and when we have a mind.

Shell-fish created seems, for wary House,

By Nature wears its Cupboard 'gainst the Mouse.

Two or three days untouch'd, till Dame command,

Or have a mind, conveniently they stand ;

Then are eat savingly, boyld to their hand.

These

These Fish, no wonder if the Godly spend  
 For publick Interest, and private end ;  
 But superstitious \* *Haddock*, which appear  
 With marks of *Rome*, *St. Peter's* Finger's here,  
 I wondred more to find amongst th' Elect,  
 And so Predestinated to the Sect.

Twice snatcht from us to feed the godly Man,  
 Whilst we poor wicked starve by the Trepan.

O superstitious Dainty, *Peter's* Fish,  
 How com'st thou here to make so godly Dish ?

And yet such Fish as these can't safely dine

The Lady whom Religion does confine.

'Gainst Church and Fathers, if Physician join,

With Appetite, the plaussibler Divine.

Behind this Market on a rising ground,

Under the Hill a pretty House I found,

Not finish'd yet, yet that did give us then,

Of what it wou'd be no small Specimen.

'Tis situated where the pleasant Vine

It self wou'd flourish ; well design'd for Wine.

The House invited, and the Wine as much,

The Master more ; I wish all Vintners such.

---

\* *Haddock* has Spots on either side, which are said, marks of  
*St. Peter's* Fingers, when he catch'd that Fish for the Tribute.

Merchant,

Merchant, with whom Friends and fine place prevail'd,

That here by' himself his Wine might be retail'd ;

Gentile young Man, if Fortune deal as well

As Nature with him, born to give, not sell:

The Drawer pleas'd, but above all the Cook,

Skillful and pleasant by' Art and Nature, took:

Here I meet Friends ; and here, though late, we dine,

And here we stew new Fish in good old Wine.

We well were treated both in Wine and Fare,

And in fair Reckonings, a great deal more rare.

Hence I cross'd back through th' Market, to the end

Of th' Upper Walk, thence to the Wells descend.

These, *Acer*, I familiarly rehearse,

This subject bearing not a higher Verse.

" Where th' Objects are unequal, lye so low,

No Fancy there to any height can go.

*Acer* reply'd. It is the greatest Art

To humour th' Object: That makes Verse both smart

And elegant. Therefore with more delight

We've heard this Verse, than if 't had flown to height.

But

But now thou'rt at the Wells, let fancy go  
 To higher straits, smooth like the Fountain flow.  
 We all of us shall think it worth our while,  
 To hear Wit with variety of Stile.

*Curio.* Too much, O Friends, ye now expect  
 from me,

That give me such a Task of Poetry.

*Curio* reply'd, at this time of the day ;  
 But if you'll have it, and I must obey,  
 O, be thou then my *Helicon*, inspire,  
 Prodigious Fountain, thy steel'd streams have fire.  
 I have drunk: the' inspiring draught compels to fly,  
 And th' force of this new *Helicon* to try.

## *The WELLS.*

**B**eyond the pleasant Street, that shady Row  
 Of Greenest Trees, confronting Shops; below  
 That gloomy Walk, there is some sandy ground,  
 With Heath, and Rocks, and Hills encompass'd  
 round.

Yet

Yet not too high, too horrid, nor too near,  
 But at a distance, as if with some fear,  
 And Reverence, Rocks stood admiring there.  
 In mid<sup>st</sup> of Rocks, within that sandy space,  
 Fam'd *Well*, the ancient Mother of that place,  
 Nature has plac'd ; from her at first the name  
 Of the small Village, and from her the Fame :  
 From her, th' Inhabitants and Houses came.  
 Had she of old done, what she now has wrought,  
 She wou'd by th' Ancients have been Goddess  
 thought.

But with more truth the wise contemplate now  
 His Finger there, to whom all Mortals bow.  
 Angels of old, when God from Heaven sent  
 To Cure us, yet 'twas by this Element.  
 Though Cures were then by Angels to be wrought,  
 The Paralyticks to the Pool were brought.  
 With greater grandeur powerful God does here  
 In Nature, his great Substitute, appear,  
 Now in these Fountains, than by Angels there.  
 Nature, the Soul of the great World, we see  
 Demonstrating here the Divinity.  
 Whilst she supported by th' Almighty hand,  
 Works daily wonders by great God's Command.

And

And whether we admire her by the Name  
 Of Goddess, God, or Nature, 'tis the same.  
 We see Effects that can be none but his,  
 Adore great God in what great Nature is :  
 Who e'er thou art, that on us Men below,  
 Such Gifts as these art able to bestow,  
 In thee sure some Immortal Powe'r must live,  
 None but the' Omnipotent such Gifts can give ;  
 Nature is but God's Representative.  
 Conceal'd, yet known ; Invisible she sits,  
 Appearing to us but in Benefits :  
 By great Effects, as God is wont to do,  
 (For God in Nature appears greatly too.)  
 Here Goddess-like, though under Fountain's Name,  
 She does those Wonders which give Fountains Fame.  
 Plac'd with her Back to the wide Heath and Hills,  
 As 'if conscious that her Bus'ness were our Ills,  
 She looks into the Walks, where splendid Throng  
 Of Patients do attend all Summer long.  
 These all the Morning from that pleasant Place  
 She daily does receive with open Face.  
 Wall'd in, whether for Beauty, or for State,  
 Or both, she always keeps an open Gate ;

Through

Thro' which she sees that Crowd of Patients walk,  
 And seems to hearken how the' afflicted talk;  
 When they declining groan, when they complain,  
 Hence she sends Water that revives again.  
 Twice twenty Nymphs still round about her stand,  
 Fair Country Maids, each with a Glass in hand,  
 Reaching her Bounty forth, give with good Grace  
 Full Cups, bestow'd by th' Goddess of the Place.  
 Here sits her Power, and hence her Bounty flows,  
 And hence a Torrent of her Kindness goes,  
 Encreasing still, extending the small Flood,  
 As if ambitious to diffuse the Good  
 Through the dry Valley of that scorched Heath,  
 Prolongs Life there, and saves from cruel Death.  
 Cures something still, though not Men as at first,  
 Saves pining Cattle from the Plague of Thirst,  
 Something in Virtue at a distance less,  
 But Fountain every where ordain'd to bless.

Whether her Learned Doctors thought the  
 fair  
 Fountain shou'd so have Benefit of Air,  
 Or Favourite of Heaven, it was fit  
 It shou'd have Way to' Heav'n, and Heav'n to it.



This Divine Fountain, though 'tis walled in,  
 Yet has no Covering : still by Heaven seen,  
 Still Heaven sees : beholds each glorious Star,  
 Of which it feels the Influence so far.

But, O ye Muses all, inspire me now,  
 That I the Bowels of the Earth may plow ;  
 Too hard a Task for any Muse alone,  
 Requires more Powe'r than all the Nine dare own.  
 Too dark those Paths are, for a Muse to fly,  
 The Secret's scarce reach'd by Philosophy.  
 Whether they only Luminaries are,  
 That can produce a Miracle so rare,  
 Or, by a Powe'r Divine, some brighter Star  
 Does pierce so deep, and influence so far ;  
 From the dark Caverns of Eternal Night  
 And Earth, this Spring comes first ; but Face so  
 bright,  
 Such Excellencies has, it can't but be  
 From something more than earthly Pedigree.  
 Our Common Mother, though she had a share  
 In the great Geniture, yet Birth so rare  
 Claims God or Star for Parent ; here are two  
 Such Works as these, or God or Heave'n must  
 do.

Whether

Whether that God that rules both Sea and Land,  
 From Seas first sent these Waves by his Command,  
 Or else by frequent Showres from above  
 Well purify'd they come ; the Star of Love,  
 Great Governness of amiable things,  
 Some Powe'r must needs have on these lovely  
 Springs.

By her sweet Conduct they so softly flow,  
 And by her Softness they delight us so.  
 Her Kindness leads 'em gently through the Ground,  
 Brings 'em to *Mars* his Steel, that makes 'em  
 found.

The powe'rful Luminaries both here join,  
 And in the Caverns of the Earth combine,  
 To influence the Salutif'rous Flood,  
 So great a Medi'cine, and so great a Good.

*Mars* with Cælestial Heat warms from above,  
 The lowly Wave receives Cælestial Love.

She gently steals it through the Parent's Veins,  
 Seeking the Light, and as it goes, it gains,  
 Imbibes the Tincture of the powe'rful Steel,  
 Sweet Waves and healthful, *Mars* and *Venus* feel.  
 By her they cool and moisten the hot Vein,  
 He with his Warmth enlivens them again.

The stubborn Steel affects the Water so,  
 The Waters temper that too as they go,  
 Till here at last both Luminaries bring  
 Out of the Earth this wonder-working Spring.

Ill-natur'd Earth ! how cou'dst thou so long hide  
 Such Pow'rs as these ? Was 't thine, or Nature's  
 Pride ?

Cou'd she, our Mistress, thou a Parent bee ?

Not for so many Ages let us see

This Antidote of our Mortality ?

Or was Nature afraid that we shou'd live

Beyond her Limits, therefore wou'd not give ?

What-ever 'twas, ye both kept secret long ;

Though you bless now, ye did past Ages wrong.

Nature of Secret surely was too shy,

For so great Mistress of Morality,

And of thee, Earth, thy Children sure deserv'd,

That that Life which thou gav'st, shou'd be pre-  
 serv'd.

But thou, great God, that saw'st much more than  
 we,

Know'st more than Earth or Nature cou'd foresee,

Reserv'd'st this Medi'cine, like good Wine, till last,

Saw'st no such need of it in Ages past.

Now is the Time Chalybeates shou'd be seen,  
 The World devolv'd is to an Age of Spleen,  
 Beyond that so long talkt of Iron Age,  
 A Time that brings forth such a rusty Rage,  
 As none of the known Medi'cines can assuage. }  
 This saving Fountain surely comes at length  
 With *Venus* Beauty, and with *Mars's* Strength,  
 To cleanse and mollifie ; from Heaven sent  
 Plenipotentiary of the' Omnipotent.  
 She with her Sweetness makes th' hard Potion  
 please,  
 And gently softens the morose Disease.  
 He does his Strength 'gainst tough Diseases try,  
 Till with his tougher Steel he makes 'em fly.  
 Fountain impower'd by both's ordain'd to cure,  
 As far as Mortal Bodies can endure.  
 O might such Stars work on our Morals too,  
 And on our Minds yet greater Wonders do !  
 But metamorphos'd *Mars*, why is't that thou  
 From God of War turn'st here Physician now ?  
 Whilst we turn Ploughs to Swords, here how comes  
 all  
 The Steel thou mak'st to be so medi'cinal ?

Wast thou to Mortals so severe of old,  
 That their Devotion was almost grown cold,  
 Now with more grateful, and more God-like Skill,  
 To please, thou sav'st more, than thou 'rt wont to  
 kill ?

Or is't, That Men grown worse than heretofore,  
 Need thy old Skill in Villany no more,  
 But Artifts grown, can kill, can rob, can lye,  
 Without the help of Devil or Deity ?  
 Or rather is 't, That we of late endure  
 Those Plagues of *Mars*, no Drugg, but Steel can  
 cure ;

Which Divine Providence now to assuage  
 Prepares, by thee, some Antidote for the' Age ?  
 And with that Sword of thine that hurt before,  
 At last designs to cure a great deal more.  
 What-ever 'tis in Mixture so Divine,  
 Some greater Work, great God must sure design,  
 As much as the' Ancients, *Aeson*, said of thee,  
 This Fountain does, renews us bodily :  
 Like Ghosts at first we here the living meet,  
 Muffled in Cap, cloak'd in long Winding-sheet,  
 If yet alive, not like the living go,  
 As if they liv'd whe'er Nature wou'd or no.

Like Spi'rits they look ; hollow, like Ghosts, they  
talk,

Amongst the living, just like dead Men, walk.

When on a suddain a strange Change is made,  
They flourish all who did so lately fade.

As if the Fountain had a Power to call  
Back from the dead, they who seem'd buried all  
Walk and arise from living Funeral.

In all parts of the Body *Omens* are,  
That Strength and Health now openly declare.  
All Symptoms change, the late weak Pulse grows  
strong,

All Parts reviv'd give hopes of living long :  
No sooner we imbibe the God-like Flood,  
But Vitals all revive ; corrupted Blood  
Obstructed, which for want of passage stood  
Stagnant almost, new Spirits now make good.  
The Spleen is cleans'd, the Liver open'd so,  
To reinforce all Parts the Blood does go :  
Each Limb partakes, and now that Vigour comes,  
To every Part, that every Part becomes :  
Whole Man renew'd, seems to be born again,  
In the New Man no Place has the old Pain.

The hard, incurable, and cruel Stone,  
 Which wou'd make Heart, as hard as it, bemoan  
 Man's Misery, here with the subt'lest Stroke,  
 Like that of Thunder, shatter'd is, and broke.  
 The rooted Griefs all Parts begin to leave,  
 All Parts their pristine Nimbleness receive.  
 You see the Countenance begin to clear,  
 The Hands are fresh, the Goddess's Looks appear  
 In every Face; Ladies her Waters drink,  
 That they had drank her Beauty too, you'd think:  
 A fresh Complexion, and that greater Grace,  
 Brisk Chearfulness enlivens every Face.  
 Where Features are, it gives of Beauty more  
 Than Nature eve'n at Birth bestow'd before.  
 Not only cures, but it does too improve,  
 Repairs Love's Object, and encreases Love.  
 The Heart, that is so great a Fountain too  
 Of Life, this saving Fountain does out-do.  
 From that, bare Life, and sickly; from this, we  
 Of Health and Life receive Security.  
 Not only cleansing; rather we shou'd call  
 This Water the *Chalybeat Cordial*.  
 Whilst *Venus* thus and *Mars* together bless,  
 All noisome Vapours both of 'em suppress

All *Apoplethick* Fumes. What can we dread,  
 When two such Luminaries clear the Head?  
 Other great Medi'cines cure, but each apart:  
 This the whole Man; the Liver, Head, the Heart,  
 And every Limb-renews with God-like Art:  
 Relieves the almost stupified Brain,  
 Works off its Clouds, and gives it Life again.  
 Quickens with Spirits the quite-blunted Wit,  
 With new-enabled Fancy helpeth it.  
 Wit that before absconded, now 's not shy,  
 Shines in the Look, and sparkles through the Eye,  
 With quick Look shews restored Memory.  
 The Scholar struggling feels recover'd Brain,  
 Imbellish'd Fancy speaks strong Lines again,  
 Thinks freely of all Objects, fills with Sense,  
 And uses his old native Eloquence.  
 Choak'd Lungs respire, now first we feel, 'tis true,  
 That we are alive: we feel our selves all new.  
 Our Souls in sickly Bodies tir'd so long,  
 Transinigrate here into the sound and strong.  
 As if with *Lette* wash'd, no more they fret  
 At Sorrows past, but all their Pains forget.  
 Leaving the gloomy Shades then from the fair  
 Fountain, they go into the opener Air;

There



There dwell all day in green and pleasant Fields  
 ( Such Places too this new *Elysium* yields )  
 At perfect Ease. In this sweet Place they walk,  
 In that they dance, by the Wood-side they talk,  
 Some excellent Poet yonder makes his Verse,  
 Another here takes pleasure to rehearse;  
 The Wits that hear, admire; all Wits delight,  
 These hear with Pleasure, those with Pleasure write.  
 Here Friend meets his old Friend, the amo'rous  
 Lad,  
 Fond Lover, finds his Mistress, and is glad.  
 Under that Oak contemplating we see  
 Some great Improver of Philosophy.  
 A little farther, by that Maple sits  
 Yet harder Student straining of his Wits;  
 Studying the Globe, the Elements and Plants;  
 And casting up what our short Knowledge wants.  
 Near these, great Heroes, of a higher Fate,  
 Settle in Solitude Affairs of State,  
 Having laid down the Burden of ill Health,  
 Now with Delight support the Commonwealth.  
 Free from that Throng of Clients, and alone,  
 Their Time and Health here first can call their  
 own.

*Atlas's* of the Land, much better bear  
 The burden here, than if at Court they were.  
 Not far from these, but in more gloomy walk,  
 Grave Citizens, gravely delighted, talk  
 Of their own little Commonwealth at home,  
 How they to helm of Merchandise may come.  
 In all conditions each one to his mind  
 Does here the pleasure he affecteth find,  
 The Ladies round the pleasant Country fly,  
 As if they had kind of Ubiquity.  
 No pleasant place, but the gay Troop are there,  
 Daily they meet, and they meet every where.  
 The Musick follows 'em; as Angels do,  
 They carry Heaven about with 'em too;  
 At the appointed place they meet a train  
 Of Glorious Gallants ready on the plain,  
 And so well dress'd appear, Jewels and they  
 Out-smile the Meadows and vye with the day.  
 In graceful postures Men the Ladies meet,  
 In solemn dance advance their nimble feet,  
 To exact steps; with all the grace that can  
 On Earth belong to the Corporeal Man.  
 Some Banquet hard by these, one on the Lute  
 Plays a choice Tune, whilst all admire, all mute.

Some

Some Lady with rare Voice a well-set Song  
Sings to the Rest, and ravishes the Throng.

" A Heave'n on Earth ; cou'd such small pastime fill

" Man's mighty mind ; and cou'd it be so still.

Nor now dear bought , though precious time, be  
price

Once in a Year of such a Paradise.

Pity that every Winter shou'd deface

That which at Summer is so sweet a place.

Pity just pleasure shou'd no longer hold

Than Summers heat, and with the Year grow cold,

The sober Man might here at Winter be,

The Wit and Scholar wou'd be then more free.

The Air as well as Water does revive,

This makes us live, and that keeps us alive.

Nor cou'd God , that saves thus by Water 'have  
meant

T' assist us less with higher Element.

Great Earth, concern'd in both , by steel impowers

Water to Cure ; the Air, with Herbs and Flowers.

The Soyl as fertile as can well be sweet,

As much invites us to dwell there, as meet.

The ground is warm, and it is shelter'd so,

That all things there, if 'twere manur'd, might grow.

Here

Here choicest Flow'rs, and there the pleasant Vine  
The Soil wou'd yield us; though not rich, yet  
fine,

If once improv'd, this wholesome place wou'd be,  
Rudeness adorn'd might rise to Rarity.

It wants but Soil, which Company would bring:

Had it but Subjects, it might please a King.

The pleasant Bottom, dry and sandy ground,

Lies shelter'd with small rocky Rifings round.

Some steeper, some of easier Ascent:

Those, with the pleasant Soil to give, were meant,

These to facilitate Divertisement.

Tops of the Rocks are hardly to be seen,

But all with Heath are cover'd, or all Green.

Some distance off, all sorts of Trees there are,

Better so plac'd than if they nearer were,

By Nature's great Contrivance, not to hide

The pleasantness a Heath has in being wide.

The Heath, though on its Surface little grow,

For Use, yet it has Storehouses below,

By Nature fill'd: Materials of its own

To build a City; Iron, Steel, and Stone;

Too much Sand to be useless, there is hill'd,

And heap'd by Nature, all given us to build.

Take

Take hence an *Omen* then : Nature's design  
Sure must have been in time to make it fine.

Though now but scatter'd place, yet we may know  
What 'tis to be, we see 'tis like to grow ;  
Already future Cities *Embryo*.

The pretty Walk, the Crowd, the splendid street  
Of Shops above, the Market Folks that meet,  
The frequent People, Gentry mixt with Clown,  
Makes up a *something*, something like a Town.

That 'tis no more built yet, to the sweet place  
Can be no shame ; to us is more disgrace,  
Who hitherto to so benefick Spring  
Have made no better Free-will-Offering.

Not all new Towns for Wealth, but some for  
Fame

Are built, or Health ; some to preserve a Name.

Let these bright Springs some brighter name pre-  
serve

Than dirty *Tunbridge* ; better they deserve.

For Health, the Miracles which here are done

By Air and Water, methinks should have won

The cur'd in Gratitude ; the sick at least

Shou'd be convinc'd by their own Interest,

To finish these beginnings of a Town,  
 Which thus unbuilt bring such a concourse down.  
 These Fundamentals, *London*, with thee strive,  
 Already which keeps most of thine alive.  
 The place thus urges thee, where can thy Wealth  
 Be better spent, than where 't's repay'd with  
 Health?

Of all thy Principals, (though here be least)  
 'Twoud pay yet the best sort of Interest.  
 From Vulture's flying the' Founder of great  
*Rome*

Conceiv'd first hopes of what was then to come.  
 The place was mark'd to 'Aeneas by white Swine,  
 A prosperous Colour, but no hopeful Sign.  
 Who wou'd have thought, that ruiner of ground  
 Shou'd show, where Gods still-standing *Rome* wou'd  
 found?

We here have better, whiter Signs in sight,  
 The fairest prospect of a fair delight.  
 No rav'nous Vulture invites, nor Swinish wealth,  
 Nor brutish pleasure, but thou, candid Health:  
 And all those rural pastimes which agree  
 With Innocence and Ingenuity.

Nor does Heaven now its Will by Brutes declare;  
 Or flying Vultures: Elements here are  
 Both cause and Omens of our future bliss:  
 Air with the Water does prognostick this.  
 Earth too concurs; Three of the Four agree  
 T' invite us with auspicious Augury.  
 The Springs that cause our Health, do Health fore-  
 tell,  
 The Air gives Hopes we may continue well.  
 The Earth, though no such fertile Crops it give,  
 Yet by its Barrenness helps us to live,  
 Perfumes and purifies the Air we breath,  
 The Soil, though barren, fragrant is beneath.  
 Where Nature three parts of her Fabrick draws  
 Into' one efficient conglobated Cause,  
 Of what her Wisdom here means to bestow,  
 Fore-shews the' Effects in Causes whence they  
 flow.  
 From so great Omens, sure we may divine;  
 Predict Felicity from greatest Sign.  
 Our future Health, Experience does foretell:  
 Where oft we have been, we may still be, well;  
 We as great Omens of our Pleasure might  
 Take from what is, to what will be, Delight.

A Place where City' and Court divert as well  
 As any where; where Poet yet might dwell  
 On a *Parnass*; near as Divine a Well,  
 As *Helicon*; and in a Muse's Oell. —

Then *Acr* spake.

You 'have so with Wit improv'd this barren Ground,  
 The Town, which you there prophetic, you found:  
 With Fancy' embellish'd, and with Verse adorn'd,  
 For th' Muses sake it can no more be scorn'd.

What-e'er that *Something* be, thou 'st made it  
 seem

Already something worthy of Esteem.

In Mens Opinion the small place will grow,

And soon come to be more than *Embryo*.

Nature's Example moves; the Muses wooe,

Fortune's oblig'd to be propitious too,

What may n't that Goddess, when so courted  
 do?

Cities, at first, they say, from Poets came,

Why may n't this *Helicon* do here the same,

And thou raise Walls by raising of their Fame?



*Metell.* We all then thank him briefly, let him  
know

How much to him this Place and Fountain owe.

But *Laelius*, who was to have next Debate

With *Acer*, we entreated to Translate

Th' Fourth Book of *Virgil* first : then he shou'd  
be,

'Gainst *Acer*, Advocate for Liberty.

THE

[ 92 ]

and the other side of the river.

The river is very deep and wide.

The water is very clear and pure.

The banks are very high and steep.

The river is very long and wide.

The river is very deep and wide.

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T H E  
Third Dialogue.

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O F  
Tranflation.

*Metell.* **W**E met again, when with Poetick  
Rage

*Acer* incens'd, exclaim'd against the Age;

Said some of our new Poets had of late

Set up a lazie Fashion to Tranflate.

Speak Authours how they please, and if they call

Stuff they make Paraphrase; that answers all.

Pedantick Verse; effeminately smooth,

Rack'd through all little Rules of Art to sooth.

The soft'ned Age industriously compile,

Maim Wit, and cripple Fancy all the while.

A Licence far beyond *Poetick* Use,  
 Not to Translate old Authours, but abuse  
 The Wit of *Romans* ; and their lofty Sense  
 Degrade into new Poem made from thence,  
 Disguise old *Rome* in our New Eloquence.

*Æsculape* said he was of the same mind,  
 And thought it fit Wits shou'd be more confin'd  
 To Authour's Sense, and to their Periods too,  
 Must leave out nothing ; every Sense must do.  
 And though they cannot render Verse for Verse,  
 Yet every Period's Sense they must reherse.

Then *Curio* spake. O do not reprehend  
 Too sharply, *Acer*, Speak more like a Friend :  
 Time and Experience many Faults may mend.  
 Though Vertue' in Stoick, yet of modern Crimes  
 It is the worst to contradict the Times.

*Æsculape* then. It cannot be amiss  
 That we, *Metellus*, yet inculcate this  
 To modish *Lælius*, that he do it so,  
 The Draught may *Virgil* more than *Lælius* show.

*Metell.* We all then bid translate it the old way,  
Not *A-la-mode*, but like \* *George Sandys* or *May*;  
Shew *Virgil's* every Period : not steal Sense,  
To make up a new-fashion'd Poem thence,  
In our New Tongue, speak his old Eloquence.

*Lel.* But *Lelius* bowing. Too much ye injoin,  
O Friends, said he, to such a Wit as mine,  
To render truly<sup>†</sup> in Verse, Verse so Divine.  
The *Roman* speech for highest things design'd,  
Can scarce be to our *English* Tongue confin'd;  
No modern Language now-a-days can bear  
So high a Sea as *Virgil* raises here :  
The *Spanish* and *Italian* † shipwrack there.  
Our most applauded \* Poets, though they touch  
Here with their Pencils, yet han't drawn us much :  
And those who on this Book thought fit to spend  
Some of their Pains, nor yet begin't, nor end.  
But since in something they have shewn the way,  
And ye command, I'll venture to obey;

---

\* *Sandys's Metamorphosis, and May's Lucan.*

† In *Virgil's* Fourth Book.

\* Our *English* Poets at home.

Hope to speak *Virgil*, and speak *English* too;  
 May not be more than 's possible to do.  
 But Wits, remember, 'his nobler *Latin* Clothes  
 He now puts off, ours wo'n't adorn like those.

*Metell.* So he took leave; We left him to his  
 pain

For fourteen Days, then all return again;  
 When *Lælius* with an answerable Meen,  
 Grief and Compassion, eminently seen  
 Both in his Looks, read his *Deserted Queen*.

*Lælius reads the following Translation.*

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THE

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THE  
FOURTH BOOK  
OF  
VIRGIL  
In *ENGLISH*.

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THE  
Deserted Queen.

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The ARGUMENT.

Virgil in his first Book of *Æneids* describes *Æneas* his Voyage by Sea, from lost Troy to Carthage, and his Reception there; where, after a great Supper, *Dido* desiring him, he elegantly relates the Destruction of Troy, and then his Voyage from Troy to Carthage; which Relations are the Subject of Virgil's Second and Third Book. The Queen, whilst he is telling his Story, falls in Love with him. That Love of *Dido's* is the Subject of this Fourth *Æneid*.

**M**ean while the Queen , inflam'd with great  
desire,

Full of Love-cares, burns with a secret Fire,  
Fond of her wound, indulges the sweet pains :

The secret grief is nourish'd in her Veins.

His Countrey's worth, his looks and words bereave  
Her of her Rest, and great Impression leave.

Soon as the Morning brake, and the light shin'd,  
Thus to her Sister she disclos'd her mind.

O Sister ! what sad Dreams have I ? they fright  
And keep me waking almost all the night.

What *Hero's* this we have ? How he's been blest ?

What meen he has ? How 'invincible a Breast ?

'Twixt him and Deities there's little Odds,

Truly 'I believe he's of the Race of Gods.

Base minds still shew some fear ; How boldly he  
(Toss'd with what Fates ?) has broke through  
misery ?

What Wars he tells?——

O had I not resolv'd to love no more,

Nor ever *Hymen's* Power to implore,

Bereav'd of my *Sichæus*, that is dead ;

Did I not hate all Thoughts of Marriage-Bed,

I might



I might perhaps have yielded to this one,  
 This only fault, and one Love more might own.  
 Yet, Dearest Sister ! I must needs confess  
 Since my *Sichæus* dy'd, no object less  
 Than such a Hero cou'd e'er move my mind,  
 But now, again, Oh ! my first Flames I find.  
 Yet may the Earth first swallow me ; may 'I go  
 Struck with a Thunderbolt to shades below,  
 Before or Man, or any thing shou'd draw  
 Me, Modesty, to violate thy Law.  
 No, thou, whose Fortune first it was to have  
 My Love, shalt keep it, keep it in thy Grave.  
 Thus spake the Queen, nor at these words forbears,  
 To bath her Bosom with a showre of Tears.  
 Her Sister answer'd ; Dearer than the light,  
 Whilst *Venus* Blessings do so much invite,  
 Sister, will you here solitary spend  
 Your Youth in sorrow thus to your lives end ?  
 By such a Husband, and such hopes of Son,  
 As you have now, you shou'd methinks be won.  
 Alas ! d' you think Ghosts of the buried care  
 What we do here, or what our Actions are ?  
 Suppose you did not yield to some before  
 You cou'd not like, must you ne'er marry more ?

Because *Iarbas* and such, did not take,  
 Therefore must you this Hero too forsake ?  
 The Man you like deny ? One so above  
 Those wild *Barbarians*, and oppose sweet Love ?  
 'Pray think but where you are, and on what ground  
 Your City stands, and who your Realm surround ?  
 On this side of you, the *Getulians* lye,  
 Unconquer'd Men ; on that, you have hard by  
 The wild *Numidians*, who live most by Theft,  
 And Robberies. Yonder's a Land that's left,  
 Not habitable for the scorching heat ;  
 Of Savage Beasts the formidable Seat.  
 A little farther the *Barceans* live,  
 A Warlike Nation ; each of these may give  
 You trouble 'enough, but none will e'er relieve.  
 Nor have you cleared with *Pigmalion* yet  
 Old scores, who may pretend still to his debt,  
 And to Revenge.  
 Th' Immortal Gods and *Juno* must have meant  
 A match sure with us, when they wisely sent  
 These Warlike *Trojans* to 'our unsettled state,  
 What cou'd they come for, but to urge our Fate ?  
 And if such City now be rais'd by thee,  
 Sister, alone ; how glorious will it be,

When

When *Trojan* Arms thou by this match shalt join,  
 And *Trojan* glory too unite with thine ?  
 Go, pray the Gods to pardon you, and bless  
 Your good Intentions, then entreat your Guests  
 To stay a while yet, (there is reason enough)  
 Whilst Winds are boysterous, and whilst Seas are  
 rough.

When she'd spoke thus, the Queen was in a flame,  
 Conceiv'd such hopes, sh' had little care of shame.  
 They go before the Images, obey  
 The Sister's Counsel, at the Altars pray.  
 To *Ceres*, *Phæbus*, and too *Bacchus* Sheep  
 They kill ; and a great Holiday they keep  
 Unto the God of Liberty ; but move  
 'Bove all the \* Goddess of all Marriage-Love \* *Juno*.  
 Beautiful *Dido* most devoutly stands  
 Before the Altar, with Cup in her hands  
 Of Wine, she pow'rs betwixt the white Cows Horns,  
 Then stately walking, she the place adorns,  
 Before the Images, and then she brings  
 And offers up some other costly things.  
 With the wise Augur greedily she pryes  
 Into the Intrails of the Beast that dies.

O, what to such Curiosity could move ?  
 How vain, alas ! is Augury in Love ?  
 Ah, what can Temple, what can Image do ;  
 Or Pray'rs, when Women are resolv'd to wooe ?  
 When the soft Flames of Love in Heart are found  
 Within, inflaming of the hidden Wound :  
 Unhappy *Dido* smitten, burning so,  
 Like one that 's mad doth 'bout the City go,  
 Just as a Hind which Shepherd who has shot  
 Knows not h' has hit , nor kill'd upon the Spot ;  
 Gall'd with the Dart, runs all about the Wood,  
 The Forest, Fields, where nothing does her good :  
 Sometimes near the known Paths, and sometimes  
     wide,  
 Still with the deadly Arrow in her side :  
 So does the Queen ; Sometimes upon the Walls  
 She walks the Heroe ; suddenly she calls  
 Him down again, and all her Riches shows ;  
 Abroad with him to see the City goes :  
 Begins to speak, but then breaks off again,  
 All things she does, but Love, she does with Pain.  
 The self-same Day a Banquet she will have,  
 There but to hear his great Exploits does crave ;

She hears, and is transported with his Praise ;  
 Hangs on his Lips, admiring all he says.  
 Soon as she sees he and his Friends are gone,  
 And the dark Night apace is coming on,  
 Musing she sits in the forsaken Room,  
 Pleas'd with the Thought, That he again may come ;  
 Sits on the Bed, where they so lately were,  
 And wishes still the brave *Aeneas* there.

She hears him absent, and she sees him too :  
 ( O what Perswasion won't Love bring us to ? )

His little Son she to her Lap does take,  
 And hugs *Ascanius* for his Father's sake.

With the' Heroe quite tak'n up, no Work goes on,  
 All thought of finishing the City's gone ;  
 No Towers rise, nor Bulwarks now of War :  
 Nor work they at the Haven there, nor are  
 The Youth e'er train'd now under strict Command ;  
 The great Designs are all quite at a stand.

Which soon as Heaven's Queen had understood,  
 Saw Fame in Fury cou'd do little good,  
 All Sense of Honour, Reputation gone,  
*Venus* at last then thus she fell upon.

Great Spoils indeed, a mighty lasting Name  
 You and your Son will get, and a great Fame ;

If

If one poor miserable Woman is  
 Vanquish'd by the' Craft of two such Deities.  
 I well enough perceive what 'tis you fear,  
 How jealous you of me at *Carthage* are,  
 Of my Powe'r there. But what needs such Dispute?  
 Your Interest with mine, I hope, may sute.  
 Let's make a lasting Peace, and a Match too,  
 You 'have done all you can ever hope to doe.  
*Dido* 's on fire; your Fury 'has pierc'd the Bone,  
 Come let us make then these two Nations one,  
 And jointly rule. Let *Dido*, if she's won  
 With all her Dowry, have your *Trojan* Son.  
 But *Venus*, well perceiving what she thought,  
 That so the' *Italian* Empire might be brought  
 To *Carthage* too, with great *Aeneas* Fate;  
 Reply'd thus: Who 'is so mad, as to debate  
 All this with you? Who, think you, wou'd con-  
 tend

In War with *Juno*? Rather make an end.  
 Provided Fortune follow what you say;  
 And what you wou'd do, *Jove* will grant you may.  
 But who can tell whe'ther that dear Son of mine,  
*Jove* does intend, shou'd with his, *Tyrians* join;

Whether

Whether those Nations Mixture he wou'd like,  
 Or give 'em leave a lasting League to strike.  
 You are his Queen, you best may know his Mind;  
 Begin, I'll second you. That I will find,  
*Juno* reply'd. But that which for your Son,  
 And *Dido* is at present to be done,  
 How to contrive, but hearken, and I'll show.  
 Poor *Dido* with *Aeneas* means to go  
 To hunt to morrow : as soon as his Rays  
*Titan* on the enlighten'd Earth displays.  
 Whilst they beset the Wood, and whilst the Court  
 Are all engag'd, and eager on their Sport,  
 I'll rain and hail, and cover all with Night,  
 With Thunder then the Company so fright,  
 I'll make 'em fly.

Then *Dido* and *Aeneas* both shall come  
 To the same Cave, I'll there give 'em their Doom,  
 And marry 'em, if I have your Consent.

But *Venus* quickly finding what she meant,  
 Smil'd at her Craft, but wou'd not yet dissent. }

Soon as 'twas Day, the brisk Youth of the Court  
 All at the Gate were ready for the Sport.

With

With Toyles, Nets, Spears, and a great strength of  
Hound ;

*Massilian* Horse too prancing on the Ground :

The *Tyrian* Nobles all attend the Queen,  
Till she come forth. The' Horse at the Door is seen  
In Gold and Purple, on which she's to sit,  
Trampling the Ground, and champing on the Bit.  
The Queen comes forth with a great Train, at last,  
In *Tyrian* Habit, which Embroidery grac'd.  
Her Quiver Gold ; Gold her fair Hair did hold,  
The Button of her Vestment too was Gold.

The *Trojans* with their brisk *Iulus* go :

*Aeneas* above all Men you might know,  
When he came up his Countrymen to join,  
He in his Meen had so much of Divine.  
Just as the God *Apollo* when he goes  
From *Lycia* to *Delos* where all those  
*Cretes*, *Dryopes*, and *Agathyrrians* sound  
Aloud his Praise, appears his Forehead bound,  
On *Cymbus* Hill, with Gold and nobler Bays,  
Resplendent, glorious, and in all his Rays.  
As he is seen, whilst all those Nations sing,  
Whilst briskly walking, all his Arrows ring ;  
Just in such Splendour went the *Trojan* King.

But



But when the Hunters were got up the Hill,  
 Had beat the Woods; whilst they were beating still,  
 They saw first some wild Goats, ignoble Game,  
 Which skipping o'er the craggy Mountains came.  
 On the' other side came down a Herd of Deer;  
 Crossing the Plain, the dusty Staggs appear:  
 But young *Ascanius* in the Vale below  
 Sports, and the Mettle of his Horse to show,  
 Now these out-rides, and now those wou'd out-go.  
 Aspires to higher Sport, desires more  
 Than Hart, to' encounter Lyon or wild Boar.  
 When, the Clouds murmu'ring, a fierce Storm  
 arose,  
 Heaven drowns with Rain, and Hails a Showre of  
 Blows.

New Rivers rise from Top of eve'ry Hill;  
 Run down like Seas; The Vales begin to fill.  
 The *Tyrians*, *Trojans*, all to the' Tempest yield,  
 And fly half-drown'd or ston'd out of the Field.  
 Some to one Cōttage, some to' another fly,  
 Stand under Trees; some in dark Caves do lye.  
 Whilst all disperse, all strive themselves to save,  
*Dido* and *Aeneas* light on the same Cave.

The trembling Earth gave an unlucky Sign  
 To the' wicked Act, and though great *Juno* join,  
 The Air yet thunde'ring then might well be thought  
 (It light'ning too) ill Omen to the Fault;  
 The Mountain-Nymphs howl out loud as they can;  
 That Day all *Dido*'s Misery began.

Honour and Fame prevail with her no more  
 To hide her Fault, as she had done before.

She calls it Marriage now, easily taught  
 By Love, alas, to colour so her Fault.

But Fame that suffers no such Fault to lye  
 Long hid, through *Libya* with the News does fly.

"Fame, far the swiftest Evil that we know,

"Going gets Strength, in stirring quickens so.

"Small first and fearful: then begins to try

"Her Strength in the' Air, and greater grows on  
 "high.

"She walks first upon Earth, then hides her Head

"Among the Clouds, as wide as Heaven spread.

"Offended with the Gods, the angry Earth,

"Gave to this monstrous Goddess first her Birth.

"Sister to *Enceladus*, *Cæus*, no less

"Than her huge Brothers, is the Gyantess.

"Fleetest

- " Fleetest of Foot above all mortal things,  
 " Her Mother made her ; gave her nimblest Wings.  
 " A horrid Monster 'and huge ; you may descry  
 " Under each Feather which she has, an *Eye*.  
 " As many *Mouths* she has, as many *Ears*,  
 " As many *Tongues* to tell the things she hears.  
 " By night she flies shrill through the Air, below  
 " As swiftly does, and always tatling, go.  
 " Sleeps not at all, she watching sits by day  
 " On noble Roofs, hears what the great ones say,  
 " Or on high Towers: and telling what is Right,  
 " Oftner what 's Wrong, great Cities does affright.  
 " Gigling abroad, she all this did unfold,  
 " As well what was not, as what was she told.  
 " That great *Aeneas*, of the *Trojan* Race,  
 " Was come to *Carthage* ; *Dido* did embrace  
 " Him as a Husband : That they both pretend  
 " The Winter all in Luxury to spend.  
 " So take'n up both with Love, the Queen here  
 " quite  
 " Neglects all Busi'ness ; he his foreign Right.  
 " This Fame had spread where-ever Men resort ;  
 " At last she came quite to *Iarba's* Court,  
 " Incens'd that King.

This high-born Prince was Son to mighty *Jove*,  
 And got on ravish'd *Garamant* his Love.  
 Within his Realm, he' a hundred Temples built,  
 And so much Blood of slaughter'd Beasts had spilt  
 Daily to the' Earth enriching it, it soak'd,  
 Daily to *Jove* his hundred Altars smoak'd,  
 He Temples deck'd, preserv'd the Sacred Fire,  
 And had done all his Father cou'd require.  
 Vext at the Rumour which ill Fame had brought,  
 And much inrag'd, thus he great *Jove* besought :  
 " O powe'rful King ! whilst *Mauritanian* Lords  
 " Are feasting to thy Honour at their Boards ;  
 " Dost thou see this ? Whilst we adore thee thus,  
 " Dost thou look down no better upon us ?  
 " Or do we only fanſie that you reign,  
 " Father, and fear your Thunderbolts in vain ?  
 " A rambling Woman ſome ill Fortune toſs'd  
 " Upon our Shore ; here at a little Coſt  
 " She' has built a City : All their Lands to plow  
 " I gave. I gave 'em too their Laws, and now  
 " She ſcorns to marry ſuch a Man as me,  
 " Her only Lord *Aeneas* is to be.  
 " That fond, lewd *Paris* with 'his unmanly Train  
 " And butter'd Hair, the Lady does obtain.

“ Whilst

"Whilst we, like Fools, make all these Altars flame,"

"And idly here adore an empty Name.

"Jupiter saw him, and had heard him pray,

Holding the Altar (so much Prayers sway)

He turn'd towa'rd *Carthage*, casting of his Eye

On the fond Lovers, call'd for *Mercury*;

And thus commands; "Make haste, my Son, and

"goe

"Call the' Western Wind, and slip to those be-

"low;

"The *Trojan Chief* that out of a Respect

"To *Dido*, all his Fortune does neglect,

"Speak to, with speed, from me; Tell him I see

"He's not the Man his Mother promis'd me.

"He was not at *Troy's* Siege twice fav'd for this,

"To aspire only to a Lover's Bliss.

"She told me, He would be a Man might sway

"The *Italian Sceptre*, and prepare the way

"To the' Empire of the World. He that does

"spring

"From *Teucer*, shon'd be born to no less thing.

"But if the Glory of such things as these

"Cannot prevail to draw him from his Ease:

"Nor Sense of Honour, nor Desire of Praise  
 "Can make him stir, nor's Thoughts above Carriage  
 "raise;  
 "Though *Latium* he forget, had rather wooe;  
 "He shou'd not grudge his Son *Aufonia* too.  
 "What does he mean? With what Hopes can he  
 "stay  
 "Thus among Foes, and never look that way?  
 "Bids him set Sail; that's all; *Mercury*, see  
 "You quickly give him this Command from me.  
 As soon as *Jupiter* had spoke, he goes,  
 And takes his Wings, tyes on his Golden Shooes,  
 With which he us'd to fly ov'er Sea and Land,  
 In all his Rays, his Wand too in his Hand,  
 With which he does ev'en Hell it self controul,  
 Can call up, or can send down any Soul:  
 Can cause Sleep, or can hinder: those that lye  
 In too long Pangs, with this can help to dye:  
 Condense or dissipate the Clouds at ease;  
 Call and make use of any Wind he please.  
 Away he flies, and in his Flight the Top  
 Of *Atlas* sees, and there makes his first stop.  
 That *Atlas*, which here holds its Head so high,  
 It's thought to bear the Burden of the Sky.

This

This Mountain 's clad in blackest Clouds: the Rain  
And fiercest Winds beat its hard Sides in vain.

Tall Pine-Trees cover 'his Head; his Shoulders,  
Snow :

His Beard 's all Ice, from his Chin Rivers flow.

When bright *Cyllenius* had made here some stay,  
Down towa'rds the Sea, through the' Air he slides  
away.

Just as that Bird of Prey, which we oft see

Low for a Fish, near Rocks and Shallows flye:

Just so, a way to *Libya*, through the Winds

'Twixt Heave'n and Earth, the swift *Cyllenius* finds.

Soon as he came to *Carthage* there he found

*Aeneas* busie setting out of Ground

For Forts, and Towers which he meant to build,

And Town to be with both the Nations fill'd.

In *Tyrian* Mantle, which the Queen had sent,

Richly with Gold embroider'd the' Hero went.

His Sword was set with *Jaspers*, and inlaid

With finest Gold, to whom *Cyllenius* said:

" You 're founding here, uxorious Man, a Town

" That wo'n't be yours, nor will be your Renown;

" Forget, mean while, your Business, and that place

" That is design'd for you, and for your Race.

"The King of Gods, that does with Smile or  
"Frown

"Rule Heave'n and Earth, from Heaven sends me  
"down :

"Bids bring you these Commands : bids you obey ;

"What 's your Design ? *Jove* wou'd know why you  
"stay

"At *Libya* thus, and do n't the Fates obey ?

"If Glory cannot to great Actions move

"You for your own sake, at least let the love

"You bear *Iulus* not be wholly vain,

"Give your Son leave in *Italy* to reign.

"From that great Glory which the Gods design

"You and your Race, O hinder not your Line,

Which when *Cyllenius* had said, he quite

Vanished at those Words from mortal sight.

*Aeneas* at the Vision senseless struck,

His Hair stood up, his Voice fail'd, his Words  
stuck.

Now he'd be gone, now the sweet Place wou'd  
leave,

Him of vain Love the God's Commands bereave.

What can he do ? He dares not tell the Queen :

Which way cou'd he begin ? Or with what Meen ?

His



His Mind divides, he thinks now this, now that,  
 But cannot yet resolve which way, nor what.  
 At last, whilst with these Doubts he had no Rest,  
 This Resolution seem'd to him the best.

He calls *Sergestus*, *Cloanth*, and some more,  
 And bids 'em get their Men unto the Shore,  
 Provide the Fleet, and there be ready all,  
 But keep all secret; till their Leader call.

Sometime before the thing cou'd take effect,  
 Before the Queen cou'd have cause to suspect,

To open 'it fairly, he 'd try eve'ry way;  
 At softest times the softest things wou'd say.

Mean while the *Trojans* his Commands obey.

The Queen perceiying, That they meant to go,  
 (For who, alas! can cheat a Lover so?)

Suspecting more than she had Cause to fear,  
 And fearing eve'ry thing that she cou'd hear;

Like Woman frantick, runs about, and falls  
 Into worse Madnes than at Bacchanals

A *Thyas* does.

At last *Aeneas* hasting to be gone,  
 She thus in highest Passion falls upon:

"And cou'd you think, perfidious Man, to hide

"So great a Wickedness? and wou'd you slide

- " So silently too thus at last from me ?  
 " Is all our Love so out of Memory ?  
 " And sha' n't that Promise, that Right Hand of  
   " thine  
 " So firmly, as I thought, once join'd to mine,  
 " Shall no Remembrance of our dearest Love,  
 " Nor sha' n't your dying *Dido* neither move ?  
 " Can't all this make you stay, till Winter's gone ?  
 " And but till favourabler Spring come on ?  
 " Cruellest Man ! though you fought your own  
   " Land,  
 " Though ancient *Troy* in Splendour yet did stand,  
 " To' invite you home : yet who through so rough  
   " Seas  
 " Wou'd venture at Winter, with such Winds as  
   " these ?  
 " Or is it me you fly ? By these sad Tears,  
 " By that Right Hand of thine, by all my Fears,  
 " By' our Marriage, or if that Word speak too much,  
 " By those Beginnings of what shou'd be such,  
 " I beg, if ever I deserv'd of thee;  
 " If ever any thing did please in me,  
 " Pity my ruin'd House ; be n't so unkind,  
 " If Prayers can prevail, put off that Mind.

" Me

" Me, for thy sake, *Numidian* Princes hate,  
 " For thee, with the' *Libyans* I am at Debate.  
 " I 'have lost the *Tyrians* Love only for thee,  
 " For thee alone I 'have lost my Modesty.  
 " O, and for thee I 'have lost my former Fame,  
 " That had as high as Heaven rais'd my Name.  
 " But since I can to no more now pretend  
 " Than friendly Names, and since I thus must end,  
 " To whom, Oh, dost thou leave thy dying Friend?  
 " O why do 'I stay? What till *Pigmalion* come  
 " Up to my Walls, and bring me my last Doom?  
 " Or till *Iarbas* Armies hither move,  
 " And take me to revenge his slighted Love?  
 " Hadst thou but left me any thing of thee,  
 " A Son to have reviv'd thy Memory,  
 " A young *Aeneas* playing in my Hall,  
 " That had been thine, and might me Mother call,  
 " A Child that had but something of thy Look,  
 " I had not been so totally forfook.

Though she spake thus, *Aeneas*, as 't behov'd  
 One, *Jove* had call'd, never so much as mov'd  
 His fixed Eyes. But when he had suppress'd  
 What in him lay, the Trouble of his Brest,  
 Briefly at last thus he himself express:

" I never

" I never shall deny, Queen, but to you  
 " From me, much you may reckon up is due ;  
 " Nor shall I ever, whilst this Soul 's the same,  
 " Whilst I'm my self, forget *Eliza's* Name.  
 " Thus much with Truth, I think may be reply'd,  
 " This Flight of mine I never meant to hide.  
 " ( Do n't fanſie it ) or ever did pretend  
 " To Husband's Rites, or to be more than Friend.  
 " If I might lead my Life as I deſire,  
 " *Troy* then would all, that I can do, require.  
 " Thither firſt I ſhou'd go, and there with Joy  
 " Repair the Ruines of my deareſt *Troy*.  
 " But now *Apollo*, whom I muſt obey,  
 " And *Lycian* Lots direct another way,  
 " To *Italy*. That Place muſt be above  
 " All Places now, that Country I muſt love.  
 " If you, that by your Birth *Phœnician* are,  
 " Fair *Carthage* Towers cou'd invite ſo far ;  
 " How can you think it much *Trojans* ſhou'd try  
 " Their Fortune, when thus call'd, in *Italy* ?  
 " To wander alike to you and us is due ;  
 " We may as well ſeek foreign Seats as you.  
 " Beſides, the great *Anchiſes* every Night  
 " Sollicites this ; does eve'ry Night affright.

.. And

" And then the Injury of my dear Son,  
 " The Wrong that to *Ascanius* won'd be done ;  
 " Who must not lose whatsoe'er those fatal Fields,  
 " And what the rich *Hesperian* Kingdom yields.  
 " And now Heave'n's Messenger with *Jove's* Com-  
 " mand

" At last is come. I saw the' God enter, stand,  
 " Appear by day : the same Command he bears  
 " I heard it plain, I heard it with these Ears.  
 " Vex not thy self with such Complaints, nor me,  
 " I go to *Italy* unwillingly.

With great Averseness all this while the Queen  
 Had heard him speak, and shew'd it in her Meen.  
 Casting about this way, and that, at first,  
 Her earnest Eyes, at last enrag'd; she burst.

" No Goddess was thy Mother, thou'rt too base  
 " To be descended from the *Dardan* Race,  
 " Perfidious Man : on *Caucasus* thou'rt bred,  
 " And must have been by Milk of Tigers fed.  
 " Why shou'd I hide my Rage, and still reserve  
 " My self to Injuries I do n't deserve ?  
 " Did he so much as sigh to see me weep ?  
 " He all this while his Countenance cou'd keep.

" Did

- " Did he ev'cr offer but to shed a Tear ?  
 " Or but to pity what was once so dear ?  
 " O what shall I say first ? Nor *Juno* can  
 " Nor *Jupiter* ev'cr look upon this Man,  
 " With any Favour or Esteem agen,  
 " *There is no Faith nor Honesty in Men.*  
 " Cast on my Shore, a shipwrack'd Man, and poor,  
 " I yet receiv'd, and wou'd I'd done no more.  
 " Mad as I was, afraid to rule alone,  
 " I foolishly too plac'd him on my Throne,  
 " And made my self but Sharer of my own.  
 " I sav'd the Remnant of his Fleet from Wrack ;  
 " From the' Jaws of Death I brought his *Trojans*  
 " back.  
 " O, I 'am enrag'd. By *Apollo* he must tell,  
 " And *Lycian* Lots now which way to do well.  
 " Now *Mercury* from the high Heave'ns must  
 " come,  
 " And from great *Jupiter* to bring his Doom.  
 " The Gods, it seems, concern themselves so much  
 " About us here. Are the' Cares of Heaven such ?  
 " I must confess, I understand not well  
 " The things you say, nor ever will recall.

" Go,

" Go, sail to *Italy* through the wide Seas,  
 " Seek Kingdoms that may please you more than  
 " these.

" I hope the Gods (if any thing they can)

" Will *split* upon the Rocks so vile a *Man*.

" Where, both by Gods and Men at last forsook,

" The Name of *Dido* thou shalt oft invoke.

" And when my Soul shall from these Limbs retire,

" I'll follow and pursue thee with dark Fire.

" When I 'am a Ghost, I'll eve'ry where appear,

" And thou shalt pay, Wretch, for thy Falseness  
 " dear,

" Whilst I below shall of thy Torments hear.

Whilst thus she speaks, nor whilst she speaks can  
 bear

The raging Mixture of her angry Fear,

Her Life and Spirit fled : turning away

She left *Aeneas* thinking what to say,

And fainting fell.-----

The swooning Queen the Ladies quickly led

To the Marble-Room, and laid her on her Bed.

*Aeneas*, though he wish'd her all Relief,

And fain with Words would have appeas'd her  
 Grief,

Though

Though 'he deeply sigh'd, felt all the Pangs of Love;  
 Yet his great Mind the Gods alone can move.  
 Them he obeys, his Fleet again reviews.  
 Again the Seamens Courage he renews.  
 They bring, for haste, Oars with their Branches on,  
 And Oak half-wrought to work again upon.  
 With lofty Ships along the pleasant Shores  
 They gently slide, and stoutly ply their Oars.  
 You see the *Trojans* now come swarming down  
 Like Troops of Ants, from all sides of the Town.  
 As those small Creatures having in their Eye  
 The Cold of Winter, and its Scarcity,  
 The small black Troop goes through the dusty Field,  
 Bearing through little Paths what Seasons yield;  
 Some heavy loaded, some thrusting behind,  
 Some driving those which they more lazy find,  
 Some chiding others for the least delay:  
 So *Trojans* urge the Work in every way.  
 What thought'st thou, *Dido*, when from thy high  
     Tower  
 Thou saw'st thus active all the *Trojan* Power?  
 How did'st thou sigh? How was thy Sight annoy'd?  
 Thy Shore to view, when it was thus employ'd.



How must that noise confus'd then needs displease  
 Of flying Mariners, and roaring Seas ?  
 But wicked Love ! what dost thou not compel  
 Us Mortals to ?

Again she's forc'd to weep, again she'll try  
 What humble Prayers may do before she dye.  
 Again Love sways ; and loth to dye in vain  
 She first tryes all the ways she can to gain.

" Sister, said she, you see what hast they make,

" How fast they fill the shore ; how they betake

" Them to their Ships, their Sails already spread

" Their Ships are Crown'd ; Had I had any dread,

" Or any thoughts that he'd have left my Bed,

" This greatest grief with which my Soul is torn,

" Foreseen perhaps I better might have born.

" But do this one thing now, dear *Anne*, for me

" To succour thy poor Sister's misery.

" This most perfidious Man to thee was kind,

" And us'd to make thee privy to his mind ;

" You best the times of speaking to him know.

" Go, Sister, once more speak to the proud Foe.

" I ne'er was thought, tell him, nor was of those

" Who 'against his *Troy* conspired with their Foes ;

" Nor sent I Ships, nor any thing t' annoy  
 " The glorious Empire of that ancient *Troy*.  
 " Why won't he hear at least but what I say ?  
 " And let me speak my grief while yet I may ?  
 " Where does he run ? Let him but one thing grant,  
 " For all my Love, for all I am to want,  
 " Expect a smoother flight, Winds too that may  
 " More than these seem to do, his Gods obey.  
 " I do not plead, alas, a Marriage-Vow,  
 " Or any Promise he's retracting now,  
 " Him of fair *Latium* I wou'd not deceive,  
 " Nor wou'd I have him such a Kingdom leave :  
 " I ask him but this pittiful relief,  
 " He'd give me time to mitigate my grief ;  
 " Time but till my hard Fortune make me know,  
 " Since I must suffer, how t' endure my woe.  
 " Sister, 'tis all I ask, do this for me :  
 " I will not die without rewarding thee.  
 Thus begg'd the grieving Queen ; her Sister goes  
 With as much feeling represents her woes.  
 But he's not to be mov'd with Womens tears,  
 Untractable, without Compassion hears :  
 The Fates oppose, and *Jove* had stop'd his Ears.

Just as those Winds which striving to confound  
 An ancient Oak well settled in the ground,  
 Wrestling it this way 'and that, but strows his leaves,  
 With all that noise and force, whilst it still cleaves  
 Fast to the Rock, where its Roots as deep go  
 As its top's high into the Earth below.

Just so the Hero with such Speeches prest,  
 Though highest Passions violently wrest  
 This way and that, and shake his lofty Breast ;

He weeps indeed, but weeps alas, in vain :  
 His resolutions still unmov'd remain.

Unhappy *Dido* hurried with hard Fate  
 To her sad end, now grows quite desperate.  
 She shuns the light ; to see the glorious Sky  
 Is tedious to her, she desires to dye.

Wonders confirm her thoughts ; for whilst she stands  
 At th' incens'd Altar, th' offering in her hands  
 She seems to see grow black (wonder we shou'd  
 Scarce speak) the Wine turn'd into filthy blood.

This sight the Queen discovered to none,  
 Nor wou'd unto her dearest Sister own.

A Marble Chapel in the Palace stood,  
 Where she *Sichæus* honour'd like a God :

Which she had drest with Cloaths of finest Wool,  
 With Boughs and Crowns : and 'twas of Garlande  
 full.

Here, she thought still she heard a dismal Noise,  
 And cou'd distinguish her first Husband's Voice,  
 Calling her to him. As soon as 'twas Night  
 The fatal Screech-Owl often did affright  
 From the House Top; Remembers then, of old,  
 This Fate to her by Wizards has been told :  
 And frights the more.

*Aeneas* terrifies her in short sleeps,  
 Sleeping, she sees him leave her, dreams she weeps.  
 Fancies she goes long Journies all alone,  
 And through long Defarts seeking of her own  
 Attendants lost. -----

Just so mad *Pentheus* frighted sees two Suns,  
 Sees double *Thebes* : from Troops of Furies runs.  
 Just in such Case *Orestes* on the Stage  
 Frighted; amaz'd, and tortured with Rage,  
 From Mother arm'd with Torch and Serpents flees,  
 Revenging Furies watching of him sees.  
 At last with Fury fill'd, oppress'd with Grief,  
 And quite out of all Hope, of all Relief,

Resolves to dye, the Manner, Time, and Place,  
 By 'her self contrives : but with a chearful Face  
 Dissembling Hope, and cove'ring her Intent,  
 Her Sister not suspecting what she meant ;  
 Rejoice, dear *Ann*, said she, perhaps I may  
 Have found at least a sure and the 'only way,  
 Which, or will bring me to my Love again,  
 Or else, at least, will ease me of my Pain.  
 By the' utmost Ocean, in the farthest Place,  
 That is inhabited by the' *Moorish* Race,  
 Where the Sun sets, where mighty *Atlas* bears  
 Upon his Shoulders both the Stars and Sphears ;  
 A certain Priestess that came thence of late  
 Was brought to me, and told me all my Fate.  
 They say, she's that *Massilian* born and bred,  
 Who the' Dragon in the' *Hesperian* Temple fed  
 With Hone'y and Poppey : that the sacred Tree  
 Might by that Dragon so preserved be.  
 This Woman says, she can, when-ev'er she please,  
 Afflicted Minds from any Grief release.  
 All sorts of Wonders she is said to do,  
 As she can ease, so she can torture too,  
 Can stop a River's Course, turn Planets back,  
 And from below she fetches up the black

Nocturnal Ghosts. -----

From Mountain's Top she can make Trees come  
down,

And the' Earth must groan, if she stamp on't and  
frown.

But I call God to witness, *Anne*, and thee,

I use such Arts as these unwillingly.

Yet, Sister, go, and privately erect,

In the' Inner Court, a Pile : 'tis to be deck'd

With the' Spoils o' the' Impious Man ; his Arms,  
his Clothes

That hang above, bring down, lay upon those

What-ever else he left. Place that sad Bed

On Top of all, in which I perished.

For so the Priestess told me I must do,

Abolish with him all his Reliques too.

Here suddenly she stopp'd ; her Face ov'er-spread

With Paleness, look'd as if already dead.

By' her Sister 'twas not all this while believ'd,

That *Dido* cou'd to so great Height have griev'd ;

Or meant these Fune'ral Rites shou'd be her own,

Or cou'd have felt more Grief than she had shown,

When she her dear *Sichæus* did bemoan.

There.

Therefore obey'd. A mighty Pile, and high,  
 Within they raise, and open to the Sky,  
 Of Oak and Pine ; the Queen adorn'd it round,  
 Had it with Wreaths of Cypress-Branches crown'd.  
 Resolved still upon that Pile to dye,  
 To have *Aeneas in Effigie* by.  
 When on the Pile she'd plac'd his Sword and Clothes,  
 She laid his Statue on the Bed, and those  
 Several Altars 'bout this Pile of Wood  
 For Sacrifices new erected stood.  
 At these the Magick Priests, with loose Hair,  
 To every God begins to make her Prayer.  
 Vast *Chaos* she calls on, and *Erebus*,  
 Three hundred Names of Gods she thunders thus.  
 And triple *Hecate's* 'as many Names,  
 As she has for her Vertues different Fames.  
 Sprinkling black Drops suppos'd to come from Hell,  
 Resembling those of the *Avernal* Well.  
 Those poisonous Magick Herbs by Moon-light shone,  
 Which with the brazen Scythe are to be mown,  
 The' Excrecence on Colts Foreheads too they use,  
 And Love snatch'd from the Dam. -----  
 The Queen her self before the Altar stands,  
 Holding a Piece of Leaven in her Hands,

With left Foot bare, and with the other shod,  
 Her Garments loose, to witness eve'ry God  
 She calls; and being now to dye, besought  
 All Powe'rs that cou'd be privy to her Thought,  
 If any 'have Caré of ill-requited Love,  
 That they wou'd now revenge her for above.

" 'Twas Night, the Time when humane Bodies take  
 " Their usual Rest, and nothing was awake.

" The Seas were quiet, and the Woods were still,

" And the Night-Stars were gone down half their Hill.

" Cattel lay quiet in the silent Field,

" All the fine Birds, all Fish the Waters yield,

" All Beasts the Forests feeds, all things we see

" In quiet Night from all their Labours free,

" Were easing of their Care. -----

But miserable *Dido's* troubled Mind

Admits no Sleep, nor any Rest can find.

Her all this while, her dismal Thoughts affright,

Nor does she' enjoy the Solaces of Night.

Her Cares increase, and Love renews its Toyl,

Her Breast begins with furious Rage to boyl.

Thus she torments her self. What shall I do?

Those I so oft refus'd shall I now wooe?



To wild *Numidians*, so oft scorn'd, go bow,  
 And court *Barbarians* for a Husband now ?  
 Or leaving Kingdom, like a Captive go,  
 And basely follow my insulting Foe ?  
 Men so ungrateful, when I heretofore  
 Befriended 'em : I'll trust such Men no more.  
 But though I cou'd to *Trojans* stoop so low,  
 Wou'd my own *Tyrians* ever let me go ?  
 Wou'd *Trojans* carry me ? Of all bereft ?  
 A Person whom their Leader thus has left ?  
 Ah ! hast thou not sufficiently yet known  
 That falsest Race of base *Laomedon* ?  
 What shall I do then ? Fly with such as these  
 Triumphant Foes, alone through the vast Seas ?  
 Or else my old *Sidonians* again,  
 Which I from home brought hither with such Pain,  
 Draw forth ? Pursue ? -----  
 No, rather dye than hope for such Relief,  
 Thou hast deserv'd it, let Steel end thy Grief.  
 Ah ! Sister, you betray'd me to all this,  
 Mov'd by my Tears help'd me to 'o amiss.  
 Mad that I was, I might have still been free  
 As the poor dullest Brutes by Nature be ;

And then I had been still until this time,  
 Without my Trouble, and without my Crime.  
 But Oh, I broke the Vow which I had made,  
 My dear *Sichæus*, to thy sacred Shade.  
 With such Complaints as these tortu'ring her Brest  
 Continually, she never was at rest.  
 Mean while *Aeneas*, while the Queen thus weeps,  
 Shipt, and resolv'd to go, securely sleeps;  
 When once again a God from Heave'n was seen  
 By him asleep, in Shape he had been in  
 Not long before. -----

He came like *Mercury*; his Colour, Hair,  
 His Voice and Limbs had a *Mercurial* Air;  
 Who spake to' him thus; "And canst thou, Goddes

" Son,

" So soundly sleep when so near be'ing undone?

" Art thou so foolish, as not yet to see

" In how great danger thou must quickly be?

" Do you not hear how fair a Wind you have?

" What have you more then of the Gods to crave?

" She 's plotting Mischief, what Crime wo' n't she try,

" What wo' n't she do, who is resolv'd to dye?

" Wo' n't you be gone whilst yet you safely may?

" If till to morrow Morning you delay,

" The

" The Sea all cover'd with her Ships you'll see,

" And this Shore flame with Fire to ruine thee.

" O flee, or to your Sorrow you will find

" *Nothing so' inconstant as a Woman's Mind.*

Having thus spoke, he mingled with the Night ;

*Aeneas* at the Vision in a Fright,

Starts from his sleep, prepares his Men for Flight.

Make haste, said he, all to your Places, Row,

Hoist all your Sails, Gods from above do show

We must cut Cables, and with speed be gone,

This is the Second Time we 'are call'd upon.

We come, O sacred God, we follow thee,

We chearfully obey who ev'er thou be.

O be propitious to the *Trojan* side,

And through all Dangers be thou still our Guide.

With that he drew, soon as he'd spoke the Word,

And cut the Cable with his glittering Sword.

The lusty *Trojans* all with one accord,

Fall to their Work, quickly put off from Shore,

The Sea with their tall Ships is cover'd o're,

They cleave the Deep, and make the Ocean roar.

But now *Aurora* leaving her Scarlet Bed,

New Light began upon the Earth to spread,

Soon

'Soon as the Queen perceived it was day,  
 Saw from her Towers the *Trojans* on their way,  
 Under full Sail : And when she saw no more  
 Of *Trojan* Fleet left on the *Tyrian* Shore ;  
 Then she began to beat her comely Brest,  
 Tearing her Hair, Thus she her Grief exprest.  
 And shall this Stranger, *Jupiter*, said she,  
 " Delude thus basely both my Realms and me ?  
 " Sha' n't I pursue with Arms ? With all the Town ?  
 " With all my Ships ? O let 'em all fall down.  
 " Go, bid 'em hasten, let 'em row apace,  
 " Carry Fire quickly, burn 'em in the Place.  
 " But where am I ? What do I say ? I 'am mad,  
 " Unhappy *Dido*, now thy Fortune 's bad.  
 " Then you shou'd have pursu'd, when first he came.  
 " When you gave Sceptres, when you lost your Fame,  
 " Is this his Faith ? And is this all the Odds  
 " 'Twixt other Men, and him that carries Gods  
 " About with him ? -----  
 " Is this he, who whilst Foes *Troy* burn and sack,  
 " Brought his old Father out upon his Back ?  
 " Why cou'd not I that Body' of his have tore,  
 " And thrown his scatter'd Limbs about the Shore ?

" Have

" Have slain his *Trojans* ? Why did I not cut  
 " The Son in pieces, and the Father glut  
 " With the Boy drest ? I shou'd have made him eat,  
 " His darling Son instead of dainty Meat.  
 " But the' Fight, perhaps, wou'd have been doubtful  
 " then ;  
 " I that will dye, what shou'd I fear from Men ?  
 " I shou'd have burnt the Fleet, and all on fire,  
 " My cruel Rage shou'd have gone one step higher.  
 " I shou'd have slain together Fathe'r and Son,  
 " Have thrown my self among 'em when I'd done.  
 " But you, O *Phœbus*, that with glorious Light  
 " Viewest the Earth, of all things hast a sight ;  
 " You, *Juno*, privy to the Lover's Care,  
 " Judge of all Injuries that Spouses bear ;  
 " Nocturnal *Hecate*, I invoke you all,  
 " Ye Furies too, revenge *Eliza*'s Fall.  
 " Receive these Praye'rs of mine, apply your Power  
 " To do me Justice, in this fatal Hour.

" If this abominable Man must gain  
 " The Hav'en he seeks ; and if *Jove* so ordain,  
 " Yet there let him be curs'd, be vex'd with Arms  
 " Of a bold Nation, and with all the Harms  
 " That

- " That War can bring. Let his *Iulus* be  
 " Torn from him ; banished in Misery.  
 " Let him behold the lamentable Ends  
 " Of all his dear, and best deserving Friends.  
 " Let him beg help, and be deny'd ; submit  
 " On base Conditions to what is not fit :  
 " And when he shall have ended thus his Strife,  
 " Let him enjoy neither his Throne, nor Life :  
 " But long before his Time unhappy dye,  
 " And on some Shore let him unburied lye.  
 " This, Gods, I beg ; let me be understood,  
 " This my last Prayer I pour forth with my Blood.  
 " But you, O *Tyrians*, with that cursed Race  
 " Of *Trojans*, Friendship never more embrace.  
 " Hate still that Nation mortally you must,  
 " And with that Enmity oblige our Dust.  
 " 'Twixt them and us, O, never let there be  
 " Or League, or any kind of Amity.  
 " May from our Bones some fierce Revenger rise,  
 " With Fire and Sword to' invest their Colonies.  
 " And whensoev'cr it be, when we in length  
 " Of Time, hereafter shall have gotten strength,

" Our

“ Our Shores, their Shores ; our Fleets their Fleets  
 “ oppose,  
 “ And let our Sons be born each other's Foes.

This said, the Queen with Anguish look'd about,  
 As if her Soul had struggled to get out,  
 Thinking which way she now might get from light,  
 She hated so, and from all mortal sight ;  
 She spoke to 'her Husbands Nurse, her own was dead,  
 (*Barce* they call'd her) thus she briefly said :

“ Go, dearest Nurse, with all the hast you can,  
 “ Fetch hither presently my Sister *Anie*.  
 “ Go bid her sprinkle 'her self and come away,  
 “ And bring the Sheep and Victims I'm to pay ;  
 “ And you, pray dress your self in such a Veil  
 “ As fits this Service, in which we bewail  
 “ My loss ----

“ I mean to sacrifice to *Stygian Jove*,  
 “ As I've design'd, so put an end to Love ;  
 “ Burn the *Dardanian* where his Reliques lye,  
 “ Here in *Effigie* that my love may dye.

So spake the Queen, but the good Nurse did go  
 Creeping and slowly as old Women do.

*Dido* mean while inflam'd with wild desire,  
 And with mad thoughts, her Face was all on fire.  
 Her colour came and went, resolv'd to dye,  
 Pale with the thought, does in a Fury fly  
 Up the high Pile, ----  
 That fatal gift for no such use bequeath'd,  
 The *Trojan's* Sword there presently unsheath'd :  
 Then casting of her Eyes upon his Cloths,  
 And that known Bed, where they us'd to repose,  
 Pausing a while, cou'd not ev'n then forbear  
 To sacrifice to those dear spoils a Tear.  
 Throwing her self on the beloved Bed,  
 Kissing the Garments, these last words she said :  
 " Dear Reliques of my Love, whilst Fate thought fit,  
 " And whilst the Gods were pleas'd to suffer it,  
 " Let me here ease all Cares of what is past ;  
 " Here upon you breath forth my Soul at last.  
 " I've liv'd, finish that course that Fortune gave ;  
 " I shall go great enough into my Grave.  
 " My Husband I've reveng'd, and of my Foe  
 " My Brother, I have had just Vengeance too.  
 " I've built my City, I have rais'd a Wall,  
 " That is in no great likelihood to fall.

" Happy,



"Happy, thrice happy, I might still have been,  
 "If *Trojans* never had my Kingdom seen.

These words when the unfortunate had said,  
 Then groveling with her Face upon the Bed,

"But must we dye too unreveng'd? said she,

"Yet let us dye, thus to the shades we'll flee.

"Tis in this manner we delight to go,

"Thus, thus, we'll pass unto the Gods below.

"And let the cruel *Trojans* from the deep

"Behold this Funeral of mine, and weep.

"And let him too as long as he hath breath

"Bear with him these ill Omens of my Death,

'Soon as she'd spoke, the Attendants saw her fall,

With the Sword thrust quite through her, reeking all

With her warm Blood: she fell with her Arms spread,

And thus she lay upon the fatal Bed.

'Soon as they'd seen her fall, there went a cry

Through Palace, Town, as 'if all had been to dye.

The news so dismal was, all *Carthage* shook

As 'if Foes had entred, *Carthage* had been took.

Or just as if at taking of old *Tyre*,

The Town and Temples too had been on fire.

Her Sister heard it, half dead with the fright,

Breaks through the tumult (a most doleful sight.)

Beating

Beating her Breast, and tearing of her Face,  
Gets quite at last unto the dismal place.

She calls her dying Sister by her name,

"Is it for this, Sister, said she, I came?

"Was it to get an opportunity

"You sent your Nurse so falsely then to me?

"Nought else, it seems, these Altars, Piles and Fires

"Were to obtain, but this worst of desires.

"What shall I first complain of? That I'm left?

"Or that I'm lost, or that I am bereft

"Of you, dear Sister? Why did you not make

"Me now Companion? Why don't I partake

"In this Fate too? Why was't not in my power

"By the same Sword to die too the same hour?

"Did I with my own hands this Pile erect?

"Did I invoke the Gods to this effect?

"That I might now be absent at the last,

"And not suspect the mischief till 'twas past?

"I've slain you, Sister, and my self withall:

"Our Peers, our People: I've been all your fall.

"O let me wash your Wound, Sister, your breath,

"If any's left, receive too at your Death.

With such like words as these grieving, she past

The high Piles stairs, and being got up at last,

Her

Her dying Sister, on her Arms she rests,  
 And sighing dryes her blood up with her Vest.  
*Dido* mean while, to open strives, in vain  
 Her heavy Eyes ; still swoons away again.  
 Thrice she lifts up her self, some little stay  
 Her Elbow gives, thrice again swoons away ;  
 Seeks with her wandring Eyes bright Heaven's light,  
 Sighs when she finds it at th' ungrateful sight ;  
 But powerful *Juno* pitying her long grief,  
 And too hard pangs, sent *Iris* t' her relief,  
 To loose those Bands of Life 'twixt Body and Soul,  
 From so great misery to ease the whole.  
 For since she fell by no just Laws of Fate,  
 But furious, did her Death anticipate,  
 Nor did deserve to die for any Crime,  
*Proserpina* cou'd not before her time  
 Cut off her yellow Hair ; nor cou'd condemn  
 Her Soul so hastily to be with them.  
 And therefore *Iris* with her ruddy Wings  
 All Colours which an adverse Sunshine brings,  
 Flies down, and standing on the dying head ;  
 " This fatal Lock, as I am bid, she said,  
 " I bear to *Dis*, and so I set thee free,  
 " Confined Soul, from all thy misery

This said, she cut, with her right hand, her Hair,  
And presently the Soul went into Air.

*Metell.* We heard as if we all concern'd had been  
In the sad Fate of the *Deserted Queen*.

But he had done, and hardly we forbear  
To shed with great *St. Austin* here a tear.  
*Curio* upbraided, thought no love could be  
Heroick Love without Fidelity.

*Acer* thought Love wherever it was seen,  
With falseness cou'd have little of Love's meen.

*Laelius* on *Dido* as on Spouse did look :  
Wondred she cou'd by a 'Hero be forsook.

*Aesculape* thought of Hero 'twas ill done,  
To leave a Queen, nay Mistress, when once won.

*Metell* that long had honour'd *Virgill's* Wit,  
Thus much thought fit to say 'in defence of it.

" We all to Heav'n owe all : a call from thence

" To higher Love, might with a less dispense.

" The greatest Hero, and bravely enough, might leave

" Mistress at such a Call, and not deceive.

But *Curio* said, he much desir'd to show

How much worse now, without Call, Christians do

Thou

Thou shalt next meeting have thy just desire,  
*Metellus* said. We 'have matter will require  
 Thy curious pains. ----

We all were startled, and began to muse  
 What matter 'twas the learn'd *Metell* wou'd choose.  
 When *Acer* said. Let's boldly attack the Age,  
 And with the times dispute *Concubinage*.  
 Strike not at Persons, said *Metellus*, then,  
 Only at Vice, for we our selves are Men.  
 And if thou dost, and exce'llent well, but that ;  
 That is enough yet to be hooted at.  
 'Tis true, said *Acer*, *Curio* yet and I  
 Learn'd *Æsculape* and *Lælius* both desie  
 In this great Cause, if but *Metell* be by.

}

*Metell*. Scorn *Censures* then: by Mortals be not aw'd:  
 More than *Metell*, all Heaven will applaud.  
 But you must here submit to hardest Fate,  
 Such as belongs to Vertue's Advocate.  
 You, *Lælius*, and, you, *Æsculape*, shall be ,  
 Th' plausible Advocates of Liberty.  
*Metellus* rose, and we all went away,  
 Resolv'd to meet on the appointed day.